

*Harriet Hildreth Heard*

MRS. LANIER DUNN

1856-1936





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*HARRIET HILDRETH HEARD*







*Mrs. Lanier Dunn*



# *Harriet Hildreth Heard*

[ MRS. LANIER DUNN ]

1856-1936

BY HER DAUGHTER HILDRETH



BOSTON

*Privately Printed*

1942

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*Dr. Israel Hildreth*



# *Harriet Hildreth Heard*

[*Mrs. Lanier Dunn*]

**M**Y darling mother's birthday, October 18, 1939! I can imagine no better day on which to begin her memoirs. Harriet Hildreth Heard was born in Wayland, Massachusetts, on October 18, 1856.

As I sit on the terrace at Ballyshannon, on the James River in Virginia, in the golden Autumn sunlight and the haziness and laziness of Indian summer steal over me, I wonder at my courage in writing of mother at all, for it will surely be inadequate and yet I must, because of the children and the grandchildren and others to follow on. I must make them know her, and love her, and appreciate her beauty, her dignity, her courage, and because of her strive to be not unworthy.

To begin with I must tell something of mother's family. The first record is of Richard Hildreth who was admitted to the colony as a freeman, May 10, 1643. His name appears among those of several inhabitants of Woburn and Concord, who petitioned the General Court of Massachusetts Bay for a new township to be granted them on the south bank of the Merrimack and west bank of the Musketuguid or Concord River at the junction of which the petitioners allege "they do find a comfortable place to accommodate a company of God's people upon." It was granted and organized under the name of Chelmsford. Sergeant Richard Hildreth died in Chelmsford in 1688. (Dracut and Lowell were formerly part of the Chelmsford grant.) As late as 1825 the gravestone of Richard Hildreth was decipherable. Richard Hildreth the historian, who was sixth in descent from Sergeant Richard Hildreth, stated in the *Boston*

*Genealogical Record*, Volume XI, January 1857, that his father had pointed out to him this tombstone and copied the record into the family Bible. The stone is no longer in existence. In the Hildreth burying ground in Dracut, is a moss-covered stone lettered as follows: "Major Ephraim Hildreth died September 26, 1740 in the 60th year of his age." He was mother's great-great-grandfather. In 1777 there was a conveyance by Elijah Hildreth\* "gentleman" of Dracut to his son Israel Hildreth "yeoman" for the consideration of £300 of all his lands and buildings in the town of Dracut. Mother's great-grandfather Elijah Hildreth was called the "Squire" and held court in his own house, the old Hildreth Homestead, which was painted yellow and had a ballroom upstairs that ran the whole depth of the house with canary-colored damask curtains and the window seat cushions covered in the same material. This house burned down during my lifetime.

The Hildreth family was one of importance in the community; they held colonial posts of trust and bore arms for the colonists when the mother country became intolerable over the question of tea and taxes. But withal they still had time for the gentle art of letters and mother's grandfather Doctor Israel Hildreth possessed one of the early libraries of note, with medical and surgical books bound in calf as well as books on astronomy, history, natural history, poetry, essays and novels. It is fitting that his portrait should be painted seated at his desk with his pen in his fine thin hands and a background of books and the inevitable red curtain.

Six daughters had come to bless him and but one son grew to man's estate. Doctor Israel Hildreth had reason to be proud of his ancestors and of his descendants.

\* Elijah Hildreth was the youngest son of Major Ephraim Hildreth.





*Mrs. Israel Hildreth.*



Following the British tradition, to his one son was willed the house and the original grant of land and *all* the family portraits! His New England conscience asserted itself, however—Thomas Jefferson in Virginia having struck primogeniture from our statutes—in giving to each daughter a suitable dowry, commensurate with her up-bringing and position in the community. All this he felt to be just and right and the sort of a thing a gentleman should do.

The portrait of his wife is on a larger canvas: incidentally, I know not *if* she was of larger frame and required it, or *if* it was the headdress, that Dolly Madison might have envied, that needed more space than my great-grandfather's long thin head, with his hair brushed forward over his ears above his high winged collar and black satin stock. In the quaint portrait of the six daughters, one feels that they must have gotten their dynamic vitality and their ardent *joie de vivre* from their mother.

Stories have echoed down to us, through the years, of their gay parties and singing and dancing and the acting of charades. In fact, Sarah was quite noted for the beauty of her reading of Shakespeare, and was compared many times with the famous Fanny Kemble. What a stir it must have caused when this spirited girl wished to go on the stage, and did so! It must have taken a deal of tact and parental persuasion to steer her safely into matrimony. She it was who married Benjamin Franklin Butler. Our grandmother was Harriet, the third daughter, conceded to be the most beautiful of the sisters. She married Franklin Fiske Heard in Saint Anne's Church in Lowell, April 24, 1855, and it was said of the young couple that they were strikingly handsome—he so dark and she so tall and fair.



## Harriet Hildreth Heard

At Dracut, now Lowell, Massachusetts, in the walled enclosure that belongs to the Hildreth family and has been theirs since the original grant, is grandmother's tombstone with the inscription

MRS.

HARRIET HILDRETH HEARD

A GRACIOUS WOMAN RETAINETH HONOR

and on the other side

DIED MAY 1ST, 1866

AGED 44

Grandmother's grave is near those of her five sisters and their husbands and their ancestors and descendants. The grave of our grandfather, Franklin Fiske Heard is not there and his wife lies there alone, this "gracious woman" alone with her own people, alone in death as she was alone in life.

My mother was nearly eighty when I went with her on her last pilgrimage to her mother's grave, and she was disappointed that the white marble cross with the garland of flowers had disappeared from its pedestal, but the pedestal was there with the inscription, as quoted above, and my grandmother's name, Harriet Hildreth Heard, my mother's name, and mine.

To my mother, this lovely old lady, serene and beautiful, bent by the passing years yet so calm that one wondered if all emotions had been spent—what memories this inscription must have recalled! How she adored her beautiful blonde mother who was "divinely tall and most divinely fair" who had fled from her brilliant young husband in Wayland, taking her little brown-eyed baby with her, and returned to her own people in Lowell. Why did this happen? My mother



*Six Fildreth Sisters*

*Rowena  
Susan*

*Sarah  
Maria*

*Harriet  
Laura*





never told me and I never asked her. My father said that my grandfather Heard had broken my grandmother's heart; I remember so well when he told me, and the whole tragedy of it made my childish heart ache. Years afterward I asked my father about it again but he was reticent and evasive—so I never knew until last summer that my grandfather, Franklin Fiske Heard, a distinguished lawyer and writer and Shakespearean scholar,\* was subject to periods of great intemperance.

What a reason for leaving a man if you *loved him*. A page of my grandmother's diary shows passionate yearning and unendurable loneliness! What a tragedy! Was it the Puritan in her that made her contemptuous of one who could not control himself? Was he really violent—as has been intimated? Let us envision the period.

Queen Victoria was on the throne of England with her royal household full of babies and "prams" and German governesses and stolid German virtues, and almost forgotten were the Georges and their mixed matrimonial alliances and liaisons. The world was happily launched on that most comfortable, but unutterably dull epoch, commonly called after the plump little Queen, but really inspired by her learned and Puritanical consort. Yes, the Victorian era was making itself felt; and here, beyond the seas, on the rock-bound coast of Massachusetts, much of the same worthy rectitude prevailed and *les covenances*

\* DEAR MRS. DUNN:

We have two Shakespeare books written by Judge Heard—*Shakespeare as a Lawyer* and *Legal Acquirements of Shakespeare*. Of the latter, only 60 copies were printed. We have Nos. 4, 42 and 50. No. 4 is in the original wrappers. Both of Judge Heard's books are well known to Shakespeare students.

Very truly yours,  
(signed)

H. C. FOLGER

*Folger Library, Washington, D. C. September 24, 1919.*

were regarded, and "stern duty" and "character" were always household words in New England.

A halo of romance surrounded my mother's mother. Her portrait hung in our yellow parlor at Gramercy Farm, Hot Springs, Virginia. She is painted sitting in the woods in a low-necked white gown with her little blue-ribboned straw hat on her knee and her golden hair all around her. Mother had a lock of her hair and once when I unwound it, it measured a full two yards. It curled lovingly around my finger as I rolled it up again. Dear beautiful grandmother: she was so lovely she should have had a happier fate! I like to dwell upon the days when the six sisters were young and blythe and merry, and our grandmother was a belle and a beauty. Great-aunt Nina played the guitar, great-aunt Sarah recited Shakespeare and great-aunt Maria wrote poetry. There is a gay story that I must tell here. . . .

One suitor, a Mr. Parker, who was suspected of having found favor with one of the fair charmers, became an object of derision. (He finally married the fifth sister, Maria.) Two disconsolate youths decided to wreck his dignity. In those days the drive into the country to Dracut was quite an expedition. On arrival, the horse and buggy were left at the barn—thence one crossed a marshy stream where a footbridge of planks saved one's boots from contamination. The two early arrivals carried a keg of molasses to the precarious spot and plentifully doused the already slippery plank . . . then hid themselves away in the bushes.\*

Later, the dignified Mr. Parker arrived, all the way from Boston Town. I like to think that he may have had an old-fashioned nosegay with ruffled paper in one hand, but I daresay, when New Englanders went court-

\* One of these was Frederick Ayer whose son told me this story.





*Harriet Hildreth*  
1822 - 1866





ing they were not wont to pamper their sweethearts in such a fashion. Having gone through the usual ritual of tying his horse and brushing up his top hat and generally setting himself right, Mr. Parker essayed the crossing and slip! splash! all dapperness and dignity were at once ended amidst jeers from the opposite bank!

Perhaps after all I am wrong about those New Englanders lacking courtliness. I found among my grandmother's papers, a very smooth, if stilted, verse—dated St. Valentine's Day, 1848:

TO MISS HARRIET HILDRETH:

*I love thee like some whispering strain  
Of wind around some lofty tree;  
I love thee like the gentle rain  
Which on the lake drops pensively.*

*I love thee like some blossom pale  
That yields its perfume to the sky;  
I love thee like the clouds that veil  
The stars above thee proud and high.*

*But flowers and clouds die cheerfully  
And wind and raindrops ne'er complain  
And so no sign must burst from me  
Though I may not be loved again.*

*But do not cast these lines away  
Without a sigh, without a thought,  
But answer them and send the same  
To Major General Scott.*

Lowell

14 day

February

So gaiety and mirth prevailed in the Hildreth homestead—but underneath all was a vein of iron.

Was it then the age in which she lived, this famed Victorian era that made my grandmother, this “gracious woman” choose her own doom, broken-hearted loneliness? Or does the same character endure today in our high-minded and Puritanical friends? Killing themselves with unutterable yearning for what they need not forego, rather than yield a little, even a very little. Life is strange—sad and awe-inspiring, and my heart aches now as it did when I was a little girl, when I first learned that my grandmother died of a broken heart.

As I have told already, mother’s mother took her baby in her arms and returned to her own people in Lowell, and lived with them until her death in 1866. Her husband, Franklin Fiske Heard, came often to see her and their little daughter. But no amount of persuasion could prevail upon this proud woman to return to her husband’s roof.

Grandmother Harriet Hildreth Heard kept house in Lowell for her sister Sarah, when great-aunt Sarah was South with her husband, General Butler, at Fortress Monroe in Virginia, and later in New Orleans. One winter, during that dreadful war between the States, it was deemed advisable, on account of her health, for “dear Harriet” to come South with her little girl. So they sailed for the Virginia Capes, and my mother had two vivid recollections of her time at Old Point Comfort. One was, that as a youthful philatelist, she very much coveted a Cape of Good Hope stamp belonging to a handsome young aide-de-camp. The young officer said that he would sell it to her for the price of a kiss. So the little serious brown-eyed child led him *behind a door* and solemnly kissed him!

I often teased mother about this indiscretion and I told her that I was surprised at the clandestine part!





*Mrs. Franklin Fiske Heard  
and her only baby - our mother*



My mother never quite understood teasing, and was never quite certain about my father's jests. Once when he told a very funny story, and we were all convulsed—and mother looked uncertain—father said, "Now Hattie dear, put on your glasses and try and see the point!"

The other memory mother told of Fortress Monroe was of going in bathing in a suit far too large for her (high-necked, long-sleeved and, of course, to the ankles of an adult). In this weird concoction of a more modest age, she became hopelessly involved in the waves and was sinking and coming up for air when her tall mother, seeing her dilemma, waded in, fully clothed, hoop skirt and all, and pulled her out! My mother never afterwards liked sea bathing, and never learned to swim.

The warm salubrious climate of the Virginia shore availed nothing for the broken-hearted woman, so with her little girl she sailed back to Boston.

The frail mother had an agonizing death that saddened terribly her child's life—and in spite of her five aunts and their desire to make it up to "poor Harriet's child," my mother held herself aloof and never wished to be adopted—scorning it in her own proud little way.

At the age of twelve little Hattie went abroad with Uncle Webster and Aunt Sue and their two boys, Prentiss and Randolph, and Cousin Katie Parker. Here I think she had best tell her own story, in spite of the foreword in her diary beginning June 10, 1869: "Private property—Whoever dares to read this book without my consent will be doing an exceedingly *mean* act, and will receive my *contempt* accordingly." I feel that was rather meant for the boys and girls of seventy years ago—and not for her loving progeny—so I dare go on and publish for the family this diary of the little girl of twelve almost without alterations.



## *The Diary*

*Thursday, June 10, 1869.* Left Lowell at  $\frac{1}{4}$  of 7 in the sleeping cars for Montreal. The cars were the nicest of the kind I was ever in; we had a section consisting of a long seat on each side large enough for three people to sit in. We talked, laughed, looked out of the windows, ate bonbons, etc., until about 9 o'clock, when we all went to bed. Katie and I slept on the upper berth, Aunt Susan on the lower and Uncle and the boys on the other side of the aisle where beds had been arranged. K. and I woke up about 2 hours before we got up, which at that was about five in the morning, and during the time we had a very agreeable concert: the programme was *first* Uncle Webster's snore, *then* Mr. Somebody's Else's snore. I may as well say here that we had not gone but about a mile or so when Katie had dried her eyes and was as bright as could be, which of course I was very glad of. (I am munching candy as I write—some of K.'s pounds.) The scenery between Lowell and Concord was beautiful; after we got to Concord it was too dark to see anything more until the next morning up in the northern part of Vermont and in the south of Canada where the scenery was not nearly as pretty as in the vicinity of Lowell. After K. and I got dressed in the cars, which we did with considerable difficulty owing to our having to sit up in our berth where we were in danger of bumping our heads, which we did not do however, we both felt very faint, and as Uncle came and asked us if we wanted to go into the St. Albans' depot for breakfast as the train stopped there, we were of course very much delighted. The breakfast was excellent, consisting of beefsteak, hot rolls with butter and coffee; the table linen was as clean as we have at home, and the silver as highly polished. I brought in to Aunt Sue a biscuit with butter on

it and a piece of beefsteak between the bread. She is still in bed although it is now half-past seven; she is the only one of us not yet quite dressed. I have just made the acquaintance of a pleasant lady whom I presume to be rich; there is nothing pretentious in her dress except an elegant gold watch set with diamonds which led me to suppose her wealthy. We have just crossed the Richelieu River, about twice the width of the Merrimack; now the train is stopping at St. Johns and K. and I are out on the platform taking the air which feels deliciously cool. There is an encampment opposite us and I just saw a soldier. We came through a long tunnel extending over the St. Lawrence River; it was rather pleasant for a change. Just before arriving at Montreal where we arrived at  $\frac{1}{4}$  before 10, Aunt Sue, Prent and Randolph, not having had any breakfast, had to have some and I, feeling rather faint, thought I would take some too, as also did Katie. After we had finished we went down to the boat named the *Quebec* and left our baggage, then we walked round the town; almost the first thing we saw on leaving the boat was a large monument erected to the memory of Lord Nelson. We went into the Church of Notre Dame; K., P. and I went up one aisle and down another, so we had a good view of the church. Almost the whole of one side was of stained glass made into figures; then there were two doors, one on each side, the tops of which were of stained glass. Under the stained glass at the chancel was a large statue of the Virgin, round which were lights, etc. All around the church were first an organ then an oil painting alternately placed. The ceiling was supported by pillars of black and white marble. The church is very handsome outside as well as inside. The building has two very high towers. K. and I thought some of going up, but Uncle W. said we should be very tired,



and the others did not seem inclined, so we did not go. We went into a *convent* where we saw lots of cripples and sick people which I thought struck horrible attitudes for the sake of getting money, and I never saw such miserable-looking beings in my life before; there were no real nuns there and it was not interesting at all. The courthouse was very handsome. The market was a very large building with a dome and was made of stone, as were most of the houses and public buildings; it seemed rather odd to me to see such a building used as a market. Montreal is a very large, bustling, lively town:  $\frac{2}{3}$  of the population I should judge to be English, the other  $\frac{1}{3}$  French; the streets are mostly very good and made of flagstones. Some of course were broken-down miserable little concerns, but they are *mostly* excellent. The coaches are very odd—all are made after the same pattern, without fronts, and are drawn by one horse. The rich people's carriages are all gilded and silvered, otherwise they are all alike. I can tell an Englishman the minute I see him. I have seen quantities today; they all look as if they drank like the "deuce"(!) their eyes are so red and sleepy. I do not like their looks at all; they look as if they thought there was no one like them and as if they thought of nobody and nothing but *themselves* and their *clothes*. (Most of them, of course I mean, for the exception proves the rule.) I can tell a Frenchman when I see him, but I do not know the French quite as well as the English: they are mostly as stout as they can be. There are two or three fat old French priests on board the *Quebec* and they play cards, drink, laugh, smoke and make merry: thus it is that people who profess to be dreadfully good are generally the worst. There were lots of redcoats flying about in Montreal and there are a great many on board but we



do not see much of them. The boat is a real nice one; Prent and Randolph slept in 103, K. and I in 104, and Uncle W. and Aunt S. in 105, so our staterooms were altogether. (N.B. A number of French Catholic priests amused me very much in their long gowns and big hats. The men here dress just like *snobs* while I only saw about half a dozen well dressed, stylish ladies in the whole place.) I slept very nicely until the next morning when we were in view of Quebec. I have had a very pleasant journey so far and I heard Aunt S. say that everything so far has run "as smooth as oil." I was quite pleased with Montreal, but I never saw a place I would like to live in as well as in good old Lowell.

June 12, 1869. On arriving at Quebec, left the boat directly on a walk to the fort accompanied by Mr. Brown. I was not at all struck with Quebec. I would not live there for a great deal. We walked through narrow dirty streets all uphill until we reached the fort. We also saw the Plains of Abraham. The city is surrounded by a large stone wall and the city and fort are situated on a very rocky hill; the fortress has very many natural as well as artificial fortifications and I should think it must be very strong—impossible to take. The town is horrid but the fortress of course is remarkable and looks very grand on going up the river. Uncle W. and Aunt S. bought 3 tooth brushes and one was obliged to laugh on hearing Uncle W. parley and think how much 3 and 5 were, or something of that sort. We then returned to the boat where we took breakfast and then went up on deck until it was time to take the *Peruvian* for Liverpool. I then wrote in my journal; there were four Frenchmen in my neighborhood jabbering French for "dear life." We then went from the *Quebec* to the *Peruvian* in a tug. Our boat was not at all as I expected—I thought to find

a nicely fitted-up steamer like those running from M. to Q.—the staterooms were not as nice as I expected, but the food I think is better than I hoped, so one of our principal employments is eating and drinking. We have four meals a day (and the gentlemen take anchovie toast and Welsh rabbits at nine p.m.); the others are sitting and walking on deck sometimes as fast as we can go. We came aboard at 9, had lunch at twelve, dined at 4 and supped at 7 o'clock.

*Sunday, June 13, 1869.* None of us were seasick yesterday until evening when K. was a little, after she got to bed, so Miss Catherine was the first one of our party who “popped off.” This morning we had services in the cabin—the English is just like ours with the exception of praying for the “President of the U. S. and all others in authority”; there are 2 long prayers for “Queen Victoria and the royal family”; I did not say “Amen” to the prayer in which one prayed that Queen Vic might “conquer all her enemies,” but to the others I had no particular objections to make. Made the acquaintance of a young Frenchman named Arthur Gautier aged 20 years (this afternoon) but he looks older. His father is Consul from France to Quebec; he showed me pictures of the same in diplomatic and citizens’ costumes, also three pictures of his mother very nicely dressed in black moiré antique and velvet; they were quite good looking. His two sisters, whom I saw on the *Quebec*, were quite pretty too. He is rather polite to K. and me, *too* polite if anything—he appears like an old friend instead of like a one day’s acquaintance, otherwise he is very pleasant.

*Monday, June 14, '69.* Got acquainted with another “*Parlez-vous*” (as Randolph says) of 18 yrs.; his name is Leopold Gallenan. I like him better than the other as he is quite agreeable and not *too* “free and easy.” Not



seasick yet! Katie is lying down on the deck and I am sitting at her feet (most humbly!). She is not exactly sick but does not feel exactly well.

*Tuesday, June 15, '69.* Today I have seen three icebergs and one may well suppose the air is dreadfully cold. I am very glad I brought my plaid cloak. I see the folks knew better about it than I did. We have very good things to eat on board the *Peruvian*, for instance my Sunday dinner consisted firstly of soup, secondly of fish, thirdly mutton, fourthly damson pie and lastly oranges, nuts and raisins, all the courses after the approved fashion: they have all sorts of pies, meats, cheeses etc. Saw eight or ten icebergs today.

*Wednesday, June 16, 1869.* The air is so chilly today in the region of the icebergs that I have to stay down in the "saloon," "cabin" or "dining room" (as one pleases to call it) almost all day. We are now in the broad Atlantic going 13 knots an hour which is considered very fast. The *Peruvian* is the fastest steamer line. Some of the passengers on board interest me very much—opposite me is a very queer looking woman (I take her to be an old maid). She is thin, has a large Roman nose, eyes near together with large black rings around them, forehead round and shiny, upper teeth protrude, so altogether she is quite a beauty: she is not *very* old-maidish, and is quite obliging at the table about passing things not in our reach. Next to her sit two old gentlemen: one reminds me of Mr. Whitney (Mrs. Hanson's father), the one next to him looks as if he were fresh from the country and had never seen much of anybody before; it is very amusing to hear him talk, discussing whiskey, etc., but that seems to be his favorite subject as well as favorite drink, for he drinks it every lunch and dinner. He has drunk in three days a good-sized bottle



of whiskey and is now drinking another. K. and I nudge each other every time he has his bottle handed to him, his nose is as "red as a beet." Beside him sits a Major in the British army in India; he drinks if anything more than his neighbor, his nose is a perfect purple red—in fact all the men seem to drink more than the Americans. There are about 12 ladies on board (including K. and myself) all of which sit at our table which is headed by the Captain. There is a piano in the saloon and K. and I play sometimes as she got her "Welcome Guest." Have not been seasick yet although I have had some abominable headaches and dizzy feelings, but I keep up and brave it through as though I felt as well as usual. Prentiss has been ill for two or three days and had to have his meals sent to his room; he says he has a headache but I have my suspicions he has something else too and will not give in. K., P. and I all have bad colds. Randolph is very mischievous tonight (the little rogue!)—he pulls Katie's veil and tries to get her book, keeps switching a veil in my face and pokes K. and me continually besides numerous other little performances equally agreeable. (N.B. As we passed Newfoundland saw eight little vessels out fishing—also in the neighborhood two or three whales.)

*Thursday, June 17, '69.* Just one week from home! but it seems like a month. The weather is beautiful to-day, the thermometer is 57° and yesterday it was only 44°; now we are entirely out of the region of icebergs.

*Friday, June 18, '69.* Up on deck all day! excepting when at meals. Walking up and down and reading "Tales from Shakespeare" have been my principal occupation while on deck. While reading, Aunt Susan's head lay in my lap on one side, dozing, and Katie's head on the other, reading "Kathleen," a book lent her by

Mr. Gautier (the Frenchman aforementioned). Randolph got one of K.'s gloves yesterday and she did not get it till today. We asked all the boys (the two Gallenans, P. and R.) but they all denied having it but knew where it was. This afternoon Randolph got Katie's other glove and I suppose she won't get it again very soon. I, too, left a couple of books in the corner of a seat in the "bow-house" as Aunt Sue calls it (two seats between the stairs and the door leading from the poop to the deck) and when I went upstairs they were both gone. At dinner Mr. Gautier showed me one of them but would not give it to me and the other I found under the cushion of the seat. Aunt Susan is reading "Oldtown Folks," Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's last novel, now. Played "old maid" and "muggins" with Katie, Randolph and Mr. Gautier; I beat at "muggins." We were all "old maids" and "old bachelors" but Randolph and I were *confirmed* specimens. Uncle W. plays cards a good deal with the Captain who, by the way, looks exactly like Deacon Stickney of Lowell and I have often remarked: "I should think Deacon Stickney had come." He told me he thought I was getting fat since I had been on board. One of the third officers is very kind to me; he explains the compass to me &c.

*Saturday, June 19, '69.* Sky and water! Mr. Gautier gave K. my book to give to me yesterday evening and she got her glove this morning. Walked on deck last night which was very pleasant until about eleven. There is a game called "shuffleboard" or "ship billiards" which the men play a good deal on deck, and are playing now.

*Sunday, June 20, '69.* Saw several porpoises today, the first on the voyage. Had services read by the Captain as last Sunday.

*Monday, June 21, '69.* "Land in sight!" The "land of



sweet Erin," the "Emerald Isle"—it fully merits the name—is perfectly lovely: the fields are very green and of all shades. These, separated by hedges from bright mustard patches, make a most beautiful looking country; then here and there was a pretty little one-story house. We saw the ruins of a fortress that had beautiful trees and shrubbery around it, then a picturesque little church surrounded by trees. We passed the town of Moville where we saw most of the houses. Before we came to that the coast was high and rocky, and K. and I wished we could climb it and throw down stones. We saw two caves, one of which was large and curious, also a quantity of ducks and gulls (a pity for Paul's and Ben's sake they were not at Squam). K. and I threw a lot of bread and crackers overboard for the gulls; they, after soaring around for sometime, picked up some which amused us very much. I hear that people go to Ireland a great deal in the summer; on the coast one can get all the advantages of an agreeable summer resort. There is fishing in abundance. I also saw several dories and sail boats, besides beautiful sea bathing, &c. The celebrated "Giant's Causeway" did not strike me particularly not understanding the different parts very well. Passed the summer residence of the Marchioness of Londonderry Saw the "Peverile of the peak" looming up in the distance, passed the Isle of Man.

*Tuesday, June 22, 1869.* Reached Liverpool this morning at 7 o'clock *safely* and with a *splendid* passage made in 10 days and not at all *seasick*. *We* of course were not examined (The old maid on leaving the steamer dressed herself up in a light muslin dress although the weather was very chilly) at the Custom House, so after waiting at the landing for sometime we walked to the depot, passing St. George's Hall, a large building in



front of which was a statue of Albert, Prince Consort, on horseback. Liverpool is nothing but a business place full of docks, warehouses, &c. Mr. Gautier came into the waiting room as we were waiting for the train and said he was going in the  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 11 train (the same we were going in) to Warwickshire county, about halfway to London. Mr. Brown took leave of us at the station as he was going to Belgium; he seemed very sorry to part from us and I felt sorry to say "Goodbye" to him, too, for he is a nice man and was very kind to me; before leaving he gave K. and me some cakes, for which we were very grateful not expecting to reach London until between five or six P.M. After we had got into the cars Mr. Gautier came and seated himself in our coupé! He gave K. and me moss-rosebuds and Aunt Susan a deep velvet rose; he got out at Stafford. Afterwards I went to sleep several times. The cars in Europe are very different from ours; there are two long seats, each large enough for four people facing one another about half a yard apart. These are separated from other coupés by partitions; each coupé has two doors, one on each side of the train, and they are divided into I, II, and III Cl. cars. Uncle W. bought cakes at several stations and we got out at Rugby to "stretch our limbs." The land between Liverpool and London is beautifully cultivated; all the fields are separated from one another by hawthorne hedges, all along were great numbers of sheep. Reached London after a long tedious ride of about 300 miles, drove to the Langham Hotel but on its being full were obliged to take lodgings in the West End in Duchess Street. After we had got settled in our new quarters went out and took supper in a first-class restaurant, all show and very expensive, with the waiters dressed up in swallow-tail coats and white neckties, just like fine

gentlemen going to parties. All the ladies and gentlemen were very finely dressed in silk, &c., and appeared on the way to the theatre or opera. What we had was very good, but because we took ale instead of wine, the waiters did not show us much attention. I have always heard of handsome English women and stylish English girls, but I cannot say that I find them very handsome and stylish; very many queer women promenade the streets with lace shawls hanging so slouchily on the ground—others with champagne-colored hair. K. saw a woman with very light hair and at the parting it was quite brown. My opinion of the English ladies is that they are very stout and dowdy when old and not so particularly stylish when young; and the women that walk the streets I think are slouchily dressed and altogether look very common. My opinion is perhaps erroneous and governed by prejudice, but I know they do not compare with the Americans either in style or in beauty.

*Wednesday, June 23, 1869.* Went to St. Paul's Cathedral. It is very large and is a rather dingy white marble. The floor is of black and white marble checked off in diamonds; the pillars are also of black and white marble: the room is ornamented by a great many statues of distinguished men such as Cornwallis, Nelson, Howe, Abercrombie, Dundas and others; opposite the door is a very high organ above which is a large stained-glass window. The church is *grand* and *cold*. Kensington Gardens are lovely, filled with splendid trees whose branches spread shade far and near; then there were fountains and little ponds filled with swans and ducks and, best of all, waterlilies; on the grass were sheep browsing—then there were pleasant seats, &c. Aunt S., K. and I went over to Kensington Palace, a large brick building surrounded by trees, shrubbery and flowers—most of the





sions, eight or ten blacks with black and gilt harnesses; all the rest are bays, they were all excellently kept, their hoofs even were polished up very bright. I consider the blacks the handsomest by all odds, and the creams the least to be preferred. Three carriages were there—the one the Queen rides about town in, which was very simple, and also her handsomer one which could be compared with Aunt Sarah's Clarence, and lastly the state carriage, a large lumbering thing with a great deal of gilt about it and supported by gilt boys, etc.

Westminster Abbey is very handsome both inside and out. It was adorned with statues as are most all the public buildings and even the streets. On both sides were figures of all the Kings and Queens of England in stained-glass windows. There was service there, so we could not look about inside very much; three or four ministers assisted in the service and about a doz. boys dressed in white chanted everything after them. I did not like the "sing songy" way the service was carried on but it was probably on account of the size of the same. People were allowed to go in and out during service. Saw the poet's corner; we also went through a part of the Abbey where very many monks were interred. We then went to the Parliament House, a very large handsome building, saw a sitting of the Queen's Bench also the judges of it, who wear great long curled white wigs, purple gowns and a red band across the shoulders; the lawyers wear black gowns with short wigs. We went into the House of Lords and House of Commons. In the House of Lords heard a long, dry speech about some water works or something of the sort, and saw the chairs of the Queen, the Prince Consort and Prince of Wales where they sit when opening Parliament. We went to the celebrated shopping place, Burlington Arcade, an

alley extending from Oxford Street way back to some other street, on both sides of which are all sorts of stores for ladies and gentlemen—jewelry, shoe, millinery stores. It is very pleasant to walk up and down there and look at the things.

We took then a cab for the station and took the cars for the Crystal Palace about ten miles distant. The palace is made of glass and iron, it is perfectly immense and the grounds surrounding are beautiful; the fountains only play on Saturdays. On the first floor are many trees, shrubs and plants, varieties of figures representing Indians, Malays, etc.; also animals such as the polar bear; then lots of stuffed birds of not very gay plumage; but on going upstairs I was very much pleased. The features there were paintings and statues. I did not have half time enough to look at them all. On another floor were lots of different things to sell. In a part of it was a band playing and also gymnastics going on by a lot of men. I suppose it seems quite a curiosity to the Britons, but to us who see it so much in our public schools, we do not consider it so. We did not go half through the palace; I think we could have spent a whole day there with pleasure. In the gardens I stole a flower as a souvenir. Oh how tired I was when I went to bed! It was very hard remaining on my feet so long and seeing so much.

*Friday, June 25, '69.* Took a ride *underground* in the cars, only think of it! It is *not* like being in a long tunnel in the daytime as would be supposed for they have lights in the cars. A great many many people were in the cars and they are used a great deal. Afterwards took a very pleasant sail down the Thames; on the water we had an excellent view of Westminster. Went again to the Tower to see the Crown Jewels; I will put down what I remember of them. There was a very large gold plate



formerly used in the ceremony of washing poor people's feet but now used for collecting the "Whitsuntide money" (to use the old woman's words), "the royal baptismal font, last used for the Prince of Wales," the "Kohinor bracelet" with the grand Kohinor in the middle and two other diamonds about half the size on both sides, a gold eagle in which is put the anointing oil with the spoon beside it, a large salt seller in the form of the White Tower used on state occasions, "the walking stick of Edward III of pure gold," a number of spoons, sceptres, swords and maces used on particular occasions. Queen Victoria's crown was mostly composed of diamonds but in it there was a perfectly immense sapphire, also a ruby of about the same size; then a crown belonging to the Prince of Wales, one made for Anne Boleyn and a number I cannot think to whom they belonged—all these things were of gold. While we were there the Prince of Egypt, son of the Viceroy, came in attended by his suite; he is a very good-looking little fellow younger than Randolph I should judge.

Also went to Hyde Park again, the drives in it were so filled with equipages that many were obliged to wait on the sides of drives. The carriages were handsome and the footmen very nicely dressed to match the trimmings of the same. The ladies were very elegantly dressed.

*Saturday, June 26, 1869.* Went to the grand review at Windsor but principally to see the Queen. Arrived there about twelve but as the review did not commence until 4 P.M., after taking some ices, &c., we proceeded through the village to the castle. We went up into the Round Tower 101 steps (I thought I should never reach the top) where we had a perfectly splendid view of the castle grounds and the surrounding country. Windsor is a lovely place; no wonder the Queen likes to live there



better than in London. The park extends for miles around and lining the drives are the most splendid elms I ever saw—they are perfectly magnificent—about five hundred years old. All around the castle are flowerbeds, shrubs, vines, trees and everything to make it a delightful summer residence. The castle itself is a grand old place. When the Queen is not there, some of the castle is to be seen by the public; but as she was there, we could not see it and we were only allowed to go into the chapel called St. George's Chapel. It is not the Queen's private chapel but one she sometimes goes to and where the royal family and the lords and ladies go; her seat is like a pulpit high up in the wall and she comes through a private entrance. In the chapel are a number of statues and tombs and graves: for instance those of Henry VIII, Jane Seymour and Henry VI. One of the handsomest tombs was raised by Victoria to the memory of her aunt the Duchess of Gloucester. After leaving the chapel walked down the Queen's drive (3 miles in length) where the soldiers passed by on the way to the review place. The English soldiers are splendid looking—just as straight as an arrow, tall and well figured; they wear red coats with white bands across the shoulders, black pantaloons with narrow red stripes (I believe) and tall fur hats like those worn by our drum majors. The cavalry was dressed differently and had gold helmets; the soldiers were mounted on splendid horses *all* just alike (in the color). We waited some time for the royal carriages, when a cavalcade of horsemen drove by, consisting of the Duke of Cambridge, Prince of Teck, Prince Arthur (I believe) and many others, but the chief objects of interest were not yet there. Finally they came—the road was lined with people but the police kept them well back on the grass; Uncle succeeded in spite

of the crowd in getting us forward so that we could see splendidly. First came some of the Queen's bodyguard, then her carriage drawn by four horses with a postilion in blue velvet on one of their backs; in the carriage sat, besides the Queen, the Princess of Wales, the Viceroy of Egypt and the Princess Christian. We did not have a very good view and I looked at the wrong person for the Queen. On horseback came the Prince of Wales and several others, then followed a carriage containing Princess Beatrice, a pretty girl of 15 yrs., Prince Leopold, dressed as a Scotch Highlander and, I believe, Princess Louise and Princess Mary of Teck; next the ladies in waiting and fourth and last the Viceroy's suite with the little Prince. We tried to see the review but as the people were not allowed to enter the field and a large crowd stood in front of us we soon came away and walked slowly up to the end of the walk where the Queen was going to return. We seated ourselves till she came or rather stood until we were tired enough to drop. I was surprised there were no benches in that splendid park; mother earth was the only seat proffered, of which K. and I availed ourselves for a short time. The Queen drove this time very slowly and sat on the same side we stood on, so we had a very good view of her. I find her very plain, she is stout and has a red face, she was dressed in black; the Princess of Wales is very pretty. There was no sign of enthusiasm as she passed, a sign that she is not very much loved. At the station there was a great crowd of people trying to get places to return to London. All at once a lot of men made a grand rush and pushed Uncle and the boys out of the way. Aunt S. seized hold of K. and me to keep us from getting pushed under the train, when all at once I heard Aunt S. say "*Get out of my pocket, you scamp.*" I turned and saw her walking



down the platform feeling in her pocket all the time. Finally she came back, as if satisfied of something, and told us she had felt a pulling at her pocket, looked down and saw a man's hand halfway in her pocket and another at the bottom of it; he muttered an oath when he saw his plan frustrated and made off as fast as possible; she followed him until she was sure she had all her money safe. Who but Aunt Susan would have acted so firmly? The money amounted to two or three hundred dollars in gold of Uncle's and of course the whole affair caused considerable excitement. I imagine the thief was glad to get off so easy.

*Sunday, June 27, 1869.* I wrote a long letter to Florence today. The others went to Westminster Abbey again. Uncle went to hear Spurgeon preach in the morning; in the afternoon, after they returned from Westminster, Uncle and the boys took a ride in one of the hansoms. Prentiss is excellent for finding the way. In England everything 2nd class is good enough for travelers; once we got into a stylish place where everyone went without hats and once to a place where the salmon and peas were not fit to eat. What they call 2nd class is excellent without unnecessary style and without being common; also 2nd class cars are very good.

*Monday, June 28, '69.* Took the cars early this morning for Dover. There we took the steamer for Calais. It was a lovely day but the waves were horrid, they went "choppity chop, choppity chop" and some came right over the deck. Aunt S., K. and I sat together on a seat in the center of the vessel when I began to feel hot and uncomfortable. I got up and went to the side of the boat and laid down on a cushion which a kind lady had lent me. Oh I felt miserable! pretty soon a great wave dashed over me but I, thinking it was the last, laid still



until another dashed over me; then I thought it about time to get up and take a seat in the center of the vessel but they were all taken and I was obliged to seek refuge in the cabin. Aunt Susan was lying down as I passed by her but I looked so pale and reeled so that she asked a boy belonging to the vessel to help me downstairs. At the bottom of the stairs I tumbled into the gentlemen's cabin and saw my mistake only as I had made a short promenade halfway down the room. On arriving at my destination threw up and felt a great deal better and fell asleep and slept till I got to Calais. The Stewardess was very kind. I must say I was glad when I got across. The idea of being sick on the channel and only there five hours and being on the broad Atlantic *nine days and twenty-two hours* and not be sick at all! I have often heard that is the worst place and I think it is. How queer it seemed on landing to hear nothing but French being jabbered down to the smallest child; the greater part of the women I saw in Calais wore white caps in the street which looked very neat. At the station took a very nice breakfast of chicken, &c. I asked for water in French and I must confess I felt very proud of my small attempt when the waiter promptly handed it to me. Took the cars for sweet Paris where we arrived at about 11 o'clock P.M., took rooms in LaGrande Hotel, and after making our arrangements went out to get supper. I declare I never saw anything like it. All the stores were open, people were walking and driving as if it was four o'clock in the afternoon instead of twelve o'clock at night; many were taking their suppers, eating and drinking and smoking at small round tables on sidewalks in front of the cafés.

*Tuesday, June 29, '69.* This morning went out shopping and was astonished at ten o'clock at not seeing

anyone in the streets except a few business men and about ten or a dozen women. Aunt Susan bought a number of very nice things among which were a black silk walking dress bought at the Bon Marché and a number of gloves for the whole family bought at Jouvins & Juglas; at the latter place I bought a very handsome pair of black gloves with gauntlets stitched with cherry and cherry tassels. The gardens of the Tuileries are perfectly lovely: there are beautiful rose trees in full bloom, splendid trees, walks, seats and statues—the latter I did not much admire.

*Wednesday, June 30, '69.* Shopped almost all day again. Late in the afternoon took a ride round the city, saw the "Exposition" building which was immense, the "Grand arch," the "hospital of the invalids," and the "Louvre." Took the cars at seven o'clock for Frankfort on the Main, thinking we should probably come to Paris again when we had learned the language and could make our way better. A little while after leaving Paris Uncle Webster got out and bought a splendid roasted chicken, still quite warm. I never ate anything that tasted so good in my life; that with some cakes and claret wine formed our supper. Every bit of the chicken was eaten. We had two bottles of claret which Uncle distributed from time to time until it was gone, and at every station he bought cakes. I slept some in the evening. At about eleven we got out (Aunt, Katie and I). Uncle asked an old woman for the "cabinet, cabinet"; we had to run like everything to get back to the cars in time. Aunt Sue, K. and P. sat on one side, Uncle, R. and I on the other of the coupé; Randolph slept with his head in my lap until three o'clock, I did not at all. Uncle and Prent got out to show the passport at the Custom House. He had been gone hardly five minutes



when a lot of officers came up and kept talking, jabbering and pointing to the Custom House. Finally an officer that could talk English came up and said we were "*obliged*" to go into the Custom House. . . . Aunt S. tried to explain that Mr. Webster the Consul General to Frankfort had told her not to get out, &c. &c., but could not convince them. Finally they saw their jabbering made no effect so they locked the door. Uncle came back after an age and told us to get out and we did so and took our bags. But they were not opened. . . . Started at last, glad to be away from the old Custom House nuisances (for the present). From three o'clock until five slept with my head on R.'s shoulder. Aunt Sue remarked in the evening she thought all but K. and herself would sleep well. On the contrary she was among the best sleepers. She slept as "sound as a roach" all the time (nearly) from eleven o'clock until morning. Randolph and Uncle Webster also slept most of the time except rousing up now and then to show his tickets. Prent and I slept the worst of the party. One time in the night Uncle W. and P. got out and before they had got in again the car started and went forward and backwards. Last I heard of them as we went backing out of the station was Uncle hollering at a man and another man hollering back, neither being able to understand. Contrary to my expectations and to my great relief, the train stopped in the station and they got in. Aunt S., K. and R. slept through it all, and I had to bear my anxiety alone.

At five o'clock got out at Cologne where all trunks are examined. Ours of course were not, only on account of the row at the other place and because K.'s and my trunks were not marked "Webster." . . . Aunt Sue's new dress and all the gloves were deposited in my trunk.



I looked on with considerable trepidation. I expected every minute to see the lid of my right-hand tray spring up and disclose the fated gloves, but they merely took out all of the trays, looked into the trunk, put them back and locked it. I must say I breathed twice as freely when I felt my trunk key safe in my pocket again. Breakfasted poorly at the station, then took the cars for Frankfort, not to be molested again. Oh, how miserably I felt just before getting to our journey's end—sleepy, faint, dusty, hot and what not! Glad I was to land in a nice room in the Hotel de Russie. Had excellent meals there, and plenty of fruit. Stayed indoors the whole first day and learned the German numbers.

I was quite charmed with the lovely promenades which extend quite around the town. We did not get lost as Prentiss always contrived to find his way everywhere, sometimes even better than his father.

*July 3, 1869.* Left today for Homburg, half an hour's ride from Frankfort, where Uncle had engaged lodgings at No. 21 Untere Promenade, exactly opposite the park containing the springs. It is a very nice house and very pleasantly situated; we have a very nice suite of rooms occupied last year by the Duke of Cambridge. We have three rooms together; the boys had to take their room upstairs (rather to their disgust). I was delighted when I saw our rooms, and Aunt Susie seated there ready to receive us (she had gone up to Homburg with Uncle to select the apartments and only Uncle returned for us). Went up to the lighted Kursaal.

*Sunday, July 4th, 1869.* Went down this morning with Aunt S. to the Elisabeth or principal spring, drank half a glass of the water; it is horrid stuff. The park is beautiful; it has walks, trees, flowers in abundance. Close to the Elisabeth spring is a sort of pagoda where

every morning for an hour and a half the band plays; people go down to the waters from seven until about 9 o'clock. After lunch wrote a letter home, at 5 dined at the Table d'Hôte at the Victoria Hotel. Afterwards went into the Kursaal Gardens to hear the music and see the people: every day there are two concerts in the Gardens from 3 to 4 and from 6 until half-past seven. The music was very good; I enjoyed myself very much listening to it and looking at the handsome and odd people and dresses. I cannot say "handsome people" for I did not see one.

I have heard the great Prussian band of the 34th regiment in Frankfort, Parlow's band. I declare I never heard anything like it; it is perfectly magnificent. I think I *never* have heard *music* before! it is *perfectly beautiful*. By some it is called the best band in the world but at the Paris Exposition Strauss's band in Austria got the first prize so I think it is probably the second. The 82nd band is also splendid. I heard that band play the "Siege of Corinth" and "Schubert's Serenade" splendidly; the siege seemed to come vividly to one's mind on hearing the music. I could have listened to such music all day; the citizen band that plays every day is very good too. K. and I go almost every day but we make a specialty of going Tuesday and Saturday and particularly Friday when the 34th comes. We have taken German lessons all the time we have been here, the first week of Uncle W. for the last three weeks of Mr. Steinhauser; we have studied *very* hard, Uncle W. makes us study about five hours a day, all the time on German, which is very long when one is in such a place as Homburg. The first few days K. and I began to take Algebra lessons of Prent but we soon found we could not learn anything but German, but I would like to learn it in Frankfort later.



I can drink a glass of Elisabeth spring water in two swallows, and the Ludwig water I like the best, but they do not agree with me. The Stahlbrunnen (iron well) I do not drink because in so doing must avoid eating all uncooked fruit; the Suisenbrunnen has no effect and is rather far, so I drink none of the spring waters. Almost everyone drinks the Elisabeth spring in the morning and the Ludwig in the afternoon and evening. That is the weakest and best tasting of all the springs, the iron and sulphur springs I think are the strongest; the sulphur spring (Kaiserbrunnen) is the worst tasting of any; it tastes just like rotten eggs—besides these there are other springs. Uncle has taken us into the Kursaal three times. The first time I was there saw the brother of the Viceroy of Egypt, Mustapha Pasha; he is the real Viceroy but not caring to rule sold his title to his brother and gambles most all the time. He bets fabulously and wins immensely. One day he won 20,000 fr. and nearly broke the bank; when he wins he laughs right in the loser's face but when he loses he scolds and hollers. Well, at last he lost a good deal and departed for Baden-Baden to the joy (I believe) of the proprietors, as their one-eyed visitor was rather a terror. Also the Duke of Newcastle plays there. The Kurhouse is a splendid building with a theatre, reading and dining rooms, a hall for dancing and three gaming rooms with four tables: the rooms I have seen are very handsome with beautiful frescoing, black and white marble floors and splendid chandeliers, especially in the dancing room where one enters. The little trees on the terrace of the house are cut after the French fashion; when the building is lighted up they look very pretty against the house. The gardens are very pretty; lots of people go up there to promenade up and down to show their clothes; others seat them-



selves to see the other people and hear the music. K. and I belong to the last class; we go up to the grounds in our water proofs when it rains, but others go in muslin dresses and when it begins to sprinkle they all go into the Kursaal or home in the "twinkling of an eye." We stay through the whole concert.

*Monday, July 28.* The boys went to Oberursel this morning into Pastor Magewirth's family; when they kissed me goodbye I felt badly. Prent did too I believe; after he had straightened up he walked quickly out of the room. Randolph laughed, but I think he tried to conceal his feelings. We thought some of going to Oberursel too, but then we thought of going into a clergyman's family about half an hour's walk from Homburg; but the minister changed his mind and would not take us, so we had to go to Oberursel. We all thought the clergyman's family preferable as the place at Oberursel is a school, and we (Uncle and Aunt) were afraid we would not get so much attention as if there was none; and at the minister's could have a music lesson, everything without paying extra, and a room alone without extra expense—but not so at Oberursel.

*July 31, 1869.* Went to Oberursel today. There is one German boarder here besides the two Misses Theyer, their Aunt and a governess, study very hard, like tolerably. The air is excellent, very healthy indeed, and the food is very good as "Tante" (so we call old Miss Theyer) cooks everything.

*Aug. 15, 1869.* Went up to Homburg today with K. and R. As we arrived found the town decorated with quantities of *black* and white flags, and I really should have thought somebody was dead; but on the contrary they were put out as a sign of joy as the King of Prussia was there. There were also a few blue and white and red,

black, gold flags. In looking over the balcony at Mrs. Holler's, saw a crowd gradually gathering in front of the house and a policeman stationed himself at the corner, so I presumed the King was coming, well guessed! He came soon and stopped just in front of our house to call upon the Duke of Cambridge, so we had a splendid view of him—he is very good looking. He came in a very good-looking barouche, drawn by handsome black horses with silver harnesses. The coachman and postilion were dressed in black with silver trimmings, probably because the Prussian colors are black and white. The King wore yellow kid and the gentlemen in waiting sultana red gloves. Only the gentlemen in attendance got out and while the King sat in the carriage; Aunt S. bowed to him, and he returned the salute of course. The Duke was not at home as a matter of course, however he did deign to dine with the King. He went on foot to the springs and when he got into his carriage at the entrance of the promenades one would have taken him for a young man if his gray hair did not show; he is of moderate height, very agile for 73, and has a benevolent face.

*Sept. 19, 1869.* Went to church this morning with Miss Jetta Theyer (the eldest and most agreeable of the two), Lula, a new German girl, Julia and Katie. I sat beside Julia and sang all the songs with her as I have done for the last few Sundays; during the sermon I read 6 chapters in the New Testament which I have read through. Lula and Julia stopped to Sunday School, so when church was done at ten (it begins at nine) Miss Jetta, K. and I went home; until dinner time wrote a letter to Aunt Lottie, after eating a lunch of two big red apples and a slice of black bread. Katie wrote in her diary. A little before two went over after the boys to go up to Homburg, waited a few minutes, and then we all



started off. Aunt Sue has got five new sets of jewelry, one of malachite, one of amethyst and pearls, one gold one with bracelet to match belt, then a pair of rock crystal earrings and a set of amber with beads to match. We spent a good deal of our time looking at some fine picture books which Uncle bought at an auction. At four had dinner in the house as Uncle and Aunt preferred to stay with us rather than go up to the Table d'Hôte and leave us alone, as we had already dined. I finished my letter to Aunt Lottie and left it for Uncle to send. As it rained did not walk to Oberursel as usual. Aunt S. did not go to the station on account of the rain but Uncle W. did of course, and met there Miss Theyer with a friend; so we all went home together. Had a real nice time at Homburg.

*Oct. 8, 1869.* Got up this morning 5 minutes after 6 just as the cars were coming from Homburg. K. did not get up till after Betschen called; she never gets up quite so early as I. Began to practise at the same hour as yesterday, which was rather funny; I then studied and K. practised. At about twelve went into the kitchen a minute when K. came running in and said P. and R. were coming, so we ran down to the door. They brought a letter for K. and a newspaper for me. I was very glad to see them. They say Aunt S.'s house is very handsome—not nearly so large as the house at home but better furnished.

*Friday morning, Oct. 8, 1869.* Concluded to go to Frankfort on Sunday and to return Monday evening, to practise tomorrow and to recite our lessons when we return Monday so as not to lose our time. Went to a Catholic concert with Miss Louise and Miss Kaiser for 12 kr. It was not very pretty; the singing was tolerable but the organ was horrid sounding. When we came home it rained awfully; *we* had no umbrellas so K. went



with Miss Louise and I with Miss Kaiser. Miss K. said I could speak very good German (for the time of course). K. got her feet soaking wet and I mine some. Went directly to our room to go to bed, but I wrote in this first.

*Saturday, Oct. 9.* At 8 o'clock Mr. Jung came. While at dinner the boys came, but Miss T. would not let us go of course until we had finished. Went to walk. K.'s other boots were not dry so she was obliged to wear her tight ones, and could not go very fast, so Miss T. said she might turn and go slowly back; she and I would go on and catch up with her again. Miss T. and I ran quite a spell together. Recited our words as usual. I mended some of my clothes for Sunday and finished them upstairs; K. trimmed her hat and we then washed ourselves, so it was late when we went to bed.

*Sunday, Oct. 10.* This morning went *partly* dressed to breakfast; Miss Theyer was consequently angry. What a time we had that morning with spilled water, buttons off here and there and refractory collars; we thought we never should get ready. Before going, took lunch of two pears and a *weck*. On the way to the cars met Randolph who gave us a message for his father. Katie had no difficulty in buying the tickets in German. We had a coupé all to ourselves and I jabbered all the way to Homburg; it was real pleasant. On arriving went into the waiting room and Uncle soon came for us. As we went along he kept asking us how we liked this house or that, and at last we came to one which he said was like "an old-fashioned bonnet stuck up in the air." But we said nothing, only I remarked the house below was prettier—I thought it looked *very* pleasant but I did not say anything. I thought we were going farther when a lady put her head out of one of the windows and spoke with Uncle. I looked and saw it was Aunt Susie; we

were both very much astonished. Uncle intended us to give our opinion about his house without knowing it was his, but we did not commit ourselves. We were delighted to see Aunt Susan—she looked real nice dressed in her gray and white striped silk with a green velvet panier and her gold jewelry. Katie and I were perfectly charmed with the house. After Oberursel of course it seemed like a palace, but the large balcony in front of the house is beautifully sunny and pleasant. Everything is comfortable and rich and best of all pleasant; we sat with Aunt Sue quite a while talking (K. got a letter from her mother) in the balcony, and Uncle in his easy chair in the library occasionally making a remark or asking some question. While there, the consular clerk Mr. Glaeter with his wife came in to pay their respects. As Aunt knew very little German and Mrs. G. very little English, conversation rather flagged, the burgomaster of Frankfort Senator Dr. Mumm came in, so Mrs. G. fell to K. and me. We got along very well in German; she said Mrs. Lincoln's\* son Tom could not speak as well as we and had been in Frankfort more than a year. Another gentleman came too. Aunt S. showed us a very handsome Paris bonnet of black velvet trimmed with roses and thread lace. She bought it the very day it came from Paris; the woman gave 48 fl. for it and sold it to Aunt S. for 28 fl. Went to walk after an excellent dinner at five.

*Monday, Oct. 11, '69.* This morning Uncle wished to know how the bells rang in the house so we tried them all—directly afterwards went out with Aunt S. Went into Uncle's office in the same street (Mainzer Chausse);

\* This is Mary Todd the widow of Abraham Lincoln and she caused great trouble at the Consulate by buying several fur coats and several silver services for which she could not pay. Tom Lincoln referred to in this diary is the martyred president's son called "Tad."



it is very handsome, two canaries hung in the window. Although Aunt S. did not know the way, we managed to get along very well. In the afternoon Uncle went with us to a shoe store and there met Mrs. Murphy with the Manviers; K. ordered a pair of boots. I bought some tape and muslin for Aunt S. in German. As we ate dinner so late, could not take the 6 o'clock train for Oberursel, so we were obliged to take the late train; I bought the tickets as Uncle wanted me to learn to do it for myself. There was a big crowd of men at one side of the railing, so I went round the other side cutting them off as neat as a pin, took my tickets, and went back to the others triumphant. Mr. and Mrs. Murphy with another lady, a great talker, got into the cars, so we did not have to say much. Mr. Murphy got out and helped us out of the cars, a very polite performance for him. Miss Theyer and Julia (who had returned that day) were at the station.

*Thursday, Oct. 14.* Snowed very hard last night.

*Monday, Oct. 18, 1869.* Snowed a little. It is my [13th] birthday and the first day of school again. The only person who thought anything more of my birthday than to whip and congratulate me was Tante; she gave me a plate full of flowers, apples, pears and little cakes, which pleased me very much. K. had no money, so I took "the will for the deed."

*October 31, 1869.* Randolph, K. and I left Oberursel for good with Uncle Webster. I felt very sorry to leave, but *very* glad to go to Frankfort to dear Aunt Susan. Especially sad to part from dear old Tante, one of the nicest old ladies I ever saw. Oberursel has 3,000 inhabitants. It has one long street which extends through the little village; most of the houses are low with red tiled roofs and from a distance all the German villages look



like little red spots. There are about a dozen nice wooden houses in the place, belonging to the Misses Theyer, the pastor, doctors, &c. of the place. It is very prettily situated surrounded by mountains; the air is very healthy and cool there in the Taunns. Almost every day while there took a nice walk outside of the village where the fields are covered by lovely wildflowers. Sometimes we took apples from under the trees. Most of the people there are Catholic. Pastor Magewirth has a pretty little Chapel that, besides the Catholic church, is the only one there, but is sufficient. Through Oberursel runs the little Ursel; sometimes I have seen people washing their clothes in it. At the commencement did not like the school, because we expected to be in a family and liberal to do as we liked, but instead of that were obliged to conform to all the rules. Afterwards liked much better, but as it began to be very cold, and we were obliged to go through the snow every day to walk—as the Misses Theyer thought a walk every day necessary if feet were wet or not, and as Aunt Sue was so far off and the scholars were very common—I was very glad to leave. The first two months every Sunday we went up to Homburg, and on an average Aunt Sue and Uncle came down to see us once a week besides; saw the boys often although they did not visit us often as they did not like the Theyers. Made a very agreeable excursion with Miss Louise, Miss Kaiser, Mrs. Kloss and her niece and Julia to the “gothic house,” the Landgrave of Homburg’s former summer residence. On the piazza took “coffee,” went into the big hall where there were portraits of all the former Landgraves and Landgravines. It was a long, pleasant walk through the woods; also saw the beautiful deer in the deer park near there. Had a real nice time. On coming back Julia taught me a number of new words.

I was only sorry Katie could not go (on account of her feet). Two or three times the Misses Theyer took us to Bumersheim where we took supper, which was a pleasant change—there we always got splendid pancakes. The Misses Theyer have had visitors from out of town several times. So altogether had a very good time and learned a great deal, which of course is the principal thing.

On arriving in Frankfort saw Aunt S. with a telegram in her hand saying the Butler boys would arrive the next day; of course we were delighted and astonished. Then we did not even know that they had sailed from home and there they were in Paris.

*Sunday, Oct. 31, '69.* This morning talked through the wall in German to Randolph. Breakfasted at half-past eight of rolls and butter, coffee and boiled eggs. K. and I unpacked our things and wrote letters home. At 2 o'clock took lunch of tongue, rolls and butter and quince preserve. Before we all had finished, Uncle started to the station to see if the boys might not possibly be there but we hardly expected it. Afterwards we returned to the library; K. renewed her writing, I read and Aunt Sue seated herself at the window. All at once we were startled by "If they haven't come!" and R., K. and I rushed to the door. How delighted I was to see them and how pleased I was when they opened their trunk and handed me a beautiful silver napkin ring with my name on it from Florence and Blanche and a small silver mug from Aunt Sarah. They also brought a pretty silvered dog-headed cane from Paris for Randolph and nuts and dried fruits for us all, good boys! They looked very pale and thin from their journey, especially Ben, and Aunt Sue thought she would keep him there a little until he looked better. Our dinner at five consisted of



soup, beefsteak, chicken, salad, beets, carrots and fried potatoes; then pudding, grapes, nuts and pears, and some took beer. Paul wanted to go in the six o'clock train for Oberursel so as to be with Prentiss, so left the table before through. K. and I settled up our accounts tonight.

*Monday, Nov. 1, 1869.* Got up between 7 and 8 this morning. K. and I had a little spat about our hairpins. Helped Ben make out his wash bill and pack his trunk. I gave Ben a lesson to learn in Ahn and heard it afterwards—he knew it quite well. About 12, Paul and Prentiss came down from Oberursel. Paul asked me if I would mend his pants; of course I did it very willingly. In the afternoon a lady (Miss Strubberg) came from a school where Aunt S. had been in the morning and thought well of—I think we shall go there. During the day had to translate a number of times for Uncle W. and Aunt Sue. Had a turkey for dinner today, the first I have had this year. Paul bought a writing desk today and both Paul and Prent bought canes. Uncle went to a dinner party at Baron Reinach's, and had a very good time I believe. Went to bed at 20 minutes past 10.

*Tuesday, Nov. 2, '69.* Uncle took us to school today at Miss Strubberg's, 16 Weser Strasse, 5 minutes' walk from the house. K. wore her purple, I my red dress. She took us through the different rooms and introduced us to the scholars who all rose when we came in. The first thing we did was to copy the order of the lessons; a girl with "black eyebrows" (Elise Anderson) helped me to make mine out in German. We then each read and translated German to Miss Strubberg. Clotilde von Madai helped me make my German analyses. At four o'clock had recess, some of the girls danced; we declined. Then the writing master came. Saw the Swiss French music



teacher. At five came home, although the school lasts till 6 o'clock. This evening played "tag" and "puss in the corner," then undertook to play ball, but when K. knocked the water bottle off and broke it we thought it time to leave off. We then came up into the little room, where there was a fire, and played "old maid." As we were playing Uncle came in and asked if we had not heard the earthquake. As we were merry and made considerable noise we did not hear, but Uncle alone in the library did. R. was "old bach" six times.

*Wednesday, Nov. 3, '69.* Tried French dictation in the 1st class, which was much too hard; said we must go into 2nd. I practised and then K. While she practised I sang with the 2nd class—they have very pretty songs. At noon heard Ben's lesson. Had a dancing lesson from 3 to 4 o'clock. K. and Aunt S. did not feel very well; they had to leave the dinner table so I had the honor of presiding. Afterwards sewed and learned some words.

*Thursday, Nov. 4.* Got up at seven this morning *alone* as K. was too sick to get up; in the night in getting up she fainted. Aunt S. was sick all day too until five o'clock when I found them both up. Had the best day in the school that I have had yet; got acquainted a good deal and played up in the attic at recess; had a very nice time and learned a good deal. In the evening studied some German poetry from von Schiller. Stayed up pretty late, Aunt S. went to bed early. Uncle had a little talk with us in the evening. Miss Strubberg was not very well today.

*Saturday, Nov. 6.* Did not see Miss S. this morning. In the afternoon R., B., K. and I went down. R. and B. led us round one square about three times as we did not know the way about and were completely at their mercy.

After finishing our purchases and eating some candy that Bennie gave me we returned home. I sewed ruffles in my black dress; also mended it. Before dinner cut blotting paper for my copybooks. K. got a letter from her mother, containing a picture of her father and a lock of her mother's hair.

*Sunday, Nov. 7, '69.* Wrote a letter to Prentiss and one to Flip. Aunt Susan read a little from the "Comedy of Errors" but not all, being too hoarse. Mrs. Lincoln and her son Thomas came to call this afternoon; we all had to go into the room to see them. Mrs. L. was very nicely dressed in deep mourning. Her son is a perfect dunce; it takes him a whole year to say three words. The boys made great fun of his "story." Mrs. L. is short and very stout. Uncle, Ben, Katie and I went to walk about 4 o'clock to the tower. R. had such a pain in his eye that he was obliged to leave the dinner table—the sty is very large. After that I arranged my drawers, cleaned out the box in the room and put the things on the bureau into the box. I also made some strong soda of boiling water; K. helped me a good deal.

*Monday, Nov. 8.* Studied like everything, had 60 French words and French poetry.

*Tuesday, Nov. 9, '69.* Today a new scholar came, the daughter of a Baroness (Maria von Bernns); she has lovely yellow hair and is very nice looking. Corrected Ben's exercises this evening. This afternoon walked with Uncle as far as his office. Had apple fritters for dinner; we played till about 8 o'clock. Mrs. and Mr. Rosenfeld from New York called today.

*Wednesday, Nov. 10.* Today is a holiday, but studied all the morning. We four went to the shoe store. Played "blindman's buff" a little while. Ben coaxes us very often to play, but he is not going to be here much and I



have a little spare time so I play. But when I get fully settled down in school I cannot do it any more. K. is making her black alpaca dress longer. Today Mrs. D'Esterre with two daughters, Mrs. Flood the minister's wife and Senator Dr. Mumm called.

*Friday, Nov. 12, '69.* Learned a lesson in Ahn II part this evening, also played "blindman's buff," because the boys teased me to death to do it; I do *not* like to spend my time in play and do not intend to play much more.

*Saturday, Nov. 13, '69.* Mademoiselle (the French governess) would not take our *brouillons*, and did not hear our French poetry simply because it was not in a nice book. Went to the Doctor's with Katie. Aunt S. also asked him about my wart but he knew about as much about it as the man in the moon. Had my feet measured for a pair of boots. Uncle went to the English church to see about a pew, met Mr. Flood at the door who said there were particular pews for the English and American Consuls. I learned 3 pages of Ahn, played "blindman's buff" and mended my black dress. Kate went to bed before I did; I stayed up to finish my dress and talked with Aunt S. until nearly midnight.

*Sunday, Nov. 14, 1869.* Washed some handkerchiefs contrary to the laws of the Sabbath; also ironed some things. Arranged my drawers. Wrote a letter to Florence. The Baron Charles of Rothschild sent Uncle the tickets of his private box at the theatre, which was very kind of him. Aunt S. had many scruples about going on Sunday, but she thought he would be more likely to send his box again if we accepted the first time.

*Thursday, Nov. 18, '69.* Paul came from Oberursel yesterday morning and Prentiss in the evening. Paul, B., R., K. and I played "blindman's buff" and a game



played in the dark. Had for dinner a splendid "apple dumpling pie"—perfectly delicious. K. and I went to school all day but as the boys went down town and played ball most all day we did not mind it so much. Miss Strubberg kindly excused us from our lessons for the next day, so we played "blindman's buff," "fox and geese" &c. to our hearts' content. We had for dinner potato soup, turkey, potatoes and gravy, salad and a green vegetable—I don't know what it is called—and piccalilli; then followed plum pudding and mince pies, then apples, nuts and raisins with tea. We drank during the whole meal 3 bottles of wine and about 6 toasts rising each time: first we drank to all the folks, then to Aunt Nina, then to all the different heads and their families, as to Gen. Butler and wife, Henry Reade and sons repeating Reade and sons, on to the American Consul and wife, and so on. We children thought we must drink to Pink's and all the other dogs' health; so, with a little wine, drank to Pink's, Prince's, Monkey's and Major's health.

*Friday, Nov. 19.* Ben and Prent went back to Oberursel tonight; Paul had a bad pain in his shoulder, so Aunt S. kept him here.

*Monday, 22.* Paul returned to Oberursel this morning.

*Tuesday, 23.* Katie is 17. Besides necessary slaps, gave her a box of Faber's drawing pencils; Aunt Sue a bottle of cologne.

*Christmas day, Saturday, '69.* Yesterday evening gave our presents. I got a nightdress sack of piqué to embroider with red from Aunt Susan, also a pair of chemises and a green alpaca overskirt and waist; from Randolph a pair of pearl sleeve buttons; from Katie a little green purse and from Paul and Bennie a lovely little leather workbox.

*Saturday, Jan. 1, 1870.* Today went to congratulate Miss Strubberg on the New Year and wish her many returns of the day; it is the fashion in Germany to call upon friends and teachers. Uncle and Prent made calls on some American friends and Uncle on some Frankforters and Prussians (I believe). Aunt Susan had a good many visitors too; K. helped her receive. Randolph went up to Oberursel this morning and took some cards of Uncle's and Aunt's with "Prosit Neu Yahr" on them for the minister. Paul and Ben came down from Oberursel for good this afternoon. They seemed to be very glad and I was glad to see them too. They walked from O. to F. with their double-runner sled which they had made—R. of course came with them.

*Sunday, Jan. 2, '70.* Aunt, Uncle, K. and I went to church, heard Mr. Flood for the first time. He was not quite so bad as I imagined but still miserable. It was dreadful walking back so we three feminine beings took a yellow bus. I read a good deal of "Castle Richmond" by Anthony Trollope; he is certainly dreadfully tiresome in his descriptions. He must describe every body and place from their births or foundations until the present date; the story however is quite interesting.

*Monday, Jan. 3, '70.* Uncle went to a diplomatic dinner party at von Madais'—no ladies present.

*Tuesday, Jan. 4, '70.* K. and I went to the shoemakers, found our way alone for the first time. The boys left for their new family—Mr. Lentze's; it seemed farther than Oberursel to me as they rode off, but of course it is not and we shall see them very often. K. read aloud both yesterday and this evening. Aunt Sue has received an invitation to a party at Baron Elanger's, the Portuguese Consul General and Norwegian and Swedish Consul, so she tried on her green moiré antique and white



tulle overskirt trimmed with point appliqué which looked very nice—handsome enough to wear.

*Wednesday, Jan. 19, '70.* Went to the dancing school, wore my green, danced the lancers for the first time. I guess everyone was surprised we could do it so well; Mademoiselle (Schwander) said we were excellent scholars, &c. The Princess of Hessen's ladies and gentlemen in waiting called today.

*Saturday, Jan. 22, '70.* At two o'clock went down to Miss Strubberg's; her sister Miss Thurnelda took Cato and me to the Cosmorama. The school went the other day with Miss Strubberg, but we two could not go, so Miss Thurnelda kindly took us today. It was *very* nice—we spent the whole afternoon there and when we left I had the headache from looking at so many pictures. P. and B. were here this evening, gave me a lot of stamps. Aunt S. went to a party at Feist-Bellmonts', wore her green.

*Monday, Jan. 24, '70.* Said my piece today, without one mistake. After school tonight, carried home Mrs. Rosenfeld's papers and I was disgusted enough—when I addressed her in German, she replied in English. How foolish! Miss Strubberg and Gusta have gone to Westfalia for a few days. Mrs. Rosenfeld called this afternoon. This evening Uncle and Aunt went to a party at Manskopfs'. Katie tried on R.'s clothes; she looked very funny as a boy.

*Tuesday, Jan. 25.* K. and I played our duet "Caprice" for the first time for Mlle. Grand'homme. Got a letter from Florence with one from my Grandfather enclosed; I was very glad. K. one from her mother. Aunt and Uncle went to Mumms; Aunt S. did not wish to go but Uncle did, so she went.

*Friday, Jan. 28, '70.* Dreadful news! K. got a letter



from her mother this evening. Uncle, the boys and I went down to dinner in very good spirits; soon K. came down looking very pale. I supposed she had one of her dreadful headaches so I did not say anything. Soon Aunt S. came down—I thought she had had some trouble with the girls—she looked as if she wanted to cry. Uncle remarked it too of course and asked how her new dress was coming on, &c. (she had been to Pops in the afternoon) but that only made the matter worse. At last she said, “I didn’t mean to tell you till you got through but Pearson is dead.” Oh, how we started, Uncle dead and Aunt Lottie alone with her little children! how awful! poor Uncle! We could not eat any more after that; Uncle reproached himself for not having written to him, and I wished my letter which I sent today had gone sooner. P. and R. went right off to tell P. and B.

*Sunday, Jan. 30, '70.* While I was writing my letter to Florence this afternoon had a fuss with K. about the pens, so when Aunt S. told me her messages I was too confused to understand very well; but I wrote what I remembered and then read it to her to see if it was right. She said it was not exactly what she said, so I altered it and read it again; but that did not seem to suit her. By that time I was pretty well worked up, said I wouldn’t write at all and slammed the door after, but I was sorry afterwards and wrote my whole letter over again with the right message.

*Monday, Jan. 31, '70.* This evening Aunt S. told me I must go to bed as the fire was out—before I wished to and before I was certain I knew my lessons—so I cried, and Aunt S. scolded me and said I was in a curious state of mind lately. I should think so too; I cry at every word.

*Tuesday, Feb. 1, 1870.* Went to a concert with Uncle given by Mansfeldt's band in the Saaban. It was nice, also very kind of Uncle to take us; Paul and Randolph went too.

*Wednesday, Feb. 2, 1870.* Went to school expecting to recite lessons as usual but to our surprise found everyone assembled in the corner room making presents to Miss S. The forenoon played, danced, &c., Clotilde von Madai was very nice to us in the games and chose us a number of times; I was surprised for I think she is jealous that Miss S. makes so much of us. K. and I played our duet together at the earnest solicitations of Elise Anderson and Miss Kelley. In the afternoon went to dance; I wore my new black alpaca. K. and Aunt S. said they had not seen me look so well for a long time. In the lancers Ida Mayer and Julia Berckmann came and stood right in front of us—a great piece of rudeness. Some of the girls were dressed in party dresses; in the evening were several of Miss Strubberg's former pupils there, very nicely dressed. Cato introduced Aloise Capitaine to Katie. We had a very good time, but felt very uncomfortable because we had not given anything to Miss S. We told her we had not heard of her birthday in time, so it was all right.

*Feb. 3, '70.* Aunt S. has had a tremendous headache all day, she said she never had anything like it before. I think it was sewing for two or three evenings on her black dress.

*Sunday, Feb. 6, '70.* Uncle and Aunt went to a great Jewish wedding, Aunt S. looked splendid.

*Tuesday, Feb. 15, '70.* Bennie was here to dinner to-day, gave me some candy. Aunt S. wore her new pink silk dress for the first time this evening to Mr. Hermann Mumm's. Paul was here to "coffee," which we drank in



the sitting room. Did not go to bed till 11 o'clock; wrote my French composition.

*Monday, Feb. 28.* After school went to the confectionary store, got some cakes for Mr. and Mrs. French who were coming in to play whist in the evening. They were here with Mrs. Mails (a Mexican) the 20 of January too. Aunt S. had such a bad headache she was glad when they were gone. Uncle rode to Homburg with some gentlemen this afternoon, brought some lockets from Fishers' for Auntie to see and choose from. Good night old Mr. Diary!

*Tuesday, Mar. 1, '70.* School did not keep today, it being "Carnival." Aunt S. was sick as I feared she would be; I put shawls up at the windows and waited on her all I could. This afternoon went out with K. and B.; then I helped to bring the wash upstairs. Played "muggins" till Prentiss made so much fun of R.'s red nose Uncle broke up and P. went sadly into his room.

*Wednesday, Mar. 2, '70.* Mrs. Lincoln made a call of about two hours; she is an awful talker. Mrs. Feist and her two daughters called while we were at dinner ( $\frac{1}{2}$  past 1) very richly dressed. Aunt S. and K. went down town; I stayed at home, wrote, studied and brought up the ironed clothes. B. stayed to "coffee," and he read us two letters from Blanche.

*Thursday, Mar. 3.* From 2 to 4 the whole school took a long walk, almost to Hansen; K. and I went with Miss Schmolder. Clotilde of course led off. Studied all the evening as usual. Aunt S. went to a dinner party at Kling's, wore her purple silk, had the place of honor. I am tired to death, oh dear!

*Saturday, Mar. 5, '70.* This afternoon finished my bridge at Coblenz. We went to the D'Esterres' with Uncle at the hotel du Nord—the eldest daughter Annie



played the harp beautifully. She gave K. some stamps, also showed us a very pretty album of crests; *I* conversed mostly with Mary, had a very pleasant time.

*Wednesday, March 9.* Gave Ben *one* stamp and got in return 5 or 6; he is very generous. Aunt and Uncle went into a little company at Rosenfelds' (German-Americans).

*Saturday, Mar. 12.* U. and A. went to Mrs. Brannfel's to tea; K. and I stayed up for them. I read some in the Frankfort paper (but it did not go particularly); then in Harper's monthly magazine "Frederick the Great."

*Monday, Mar. 14.* Went to walk with Miss Schmolder. K. wore her new dress and white coat—looked very nice—and I my black alpaca with blue mantle. U. and A. went in to Mrs. Mails's. Paul gave me 4 very rare stamps today.

*Sunday, Mar. 20.* Have had some real baked beans!

*Tuesday, Mar. 22.* King's birthday, consequently no school, perfect nonsense!

*Wednesday, Mar. 23.* The whole D'Esterre family spent the evening with us, had very nice refreshments of cake and wine. Played "muggins," had a cosy, nice time.

*Thursday, Mar. 24.* Went to walk to the Maine instead of on the Mainzer Chaussie. Clotilde went. K., C. and I returned home from Miss S.'s together as she lives very near us in the Westend Strasse.

*Wednesday, Mar. 30.* Wore my new black silk overskirt today; it is made partly out of some of Aunt S.'s. I made a good deal of it myself.

*Monday, April 11, '70.* First day of the Easter Vacation. Sewed almost all the forenoon. This afternoon went out with Aunt S. to Pops; she ordered a violet silk waist like her skirt. Met Mrs. Rosenfeld and son in the fair—we then went together. Aunt S. bought two

pretty canvas pieces for 6.45. Afterwards Mrs. R. took a cab to No. 15 Zeil, where she ordered ice cream for us; then she and A. bought a cake together, Mrs. R. paying, against Aunt's will. She does not like to be under obligations to *anyone*.

*Tuesday, 12.* Called on Miss Anneville; Mrs. Lincoln called on Aunt Susan.

*Wednesday, 13.* Went to Miss Anneville's, talked, read and translated, went down town. On coming back heard someone calling after us, looked round and saw Clotilde; she was very prettily dressed and looked quite grown-up. She left school for good before the vacation. Walked home with her, asked her if she had a Mother and she of course said yes; I then said my Aunt thought there was no Mrs. von Madai as she had not returned her visit. She seemed quite embarrassed, and said her papa had been there. She seemed to be very sorry; it was no doubt a mistake in some way. Perhaps Aunt's card got lost as she called when the von Madais were out of town, but Aunt wanted to let Mrs. v. M. know that she had called. If that was the case, and if she did it for any reason, she put it on that ground. (Mr. von Madai has always been extremely kind to Uncle, but his wife never called on A., although I am sure she was sorry about it.)

*Thursday, 14.* Helped Aunt S. make sponge cake. She sent a loaf in to Mrs. Rosenfeld's, who gave Susette a florin—very poor taste. After practising at the school, Mlle. kindly offered to let me read French with her. Went to Miss Anneville's; learned a good deal of French.

*Friday, 15.* Good Friday. No Germans permitted to work or carry on commerce. Received letters from home. heard of Blanche's engagement with Sen. Ames. Of course it was disagreeable news for the boys.



*Saturday, April 16.* Uncle had invited Alice Coburn up from Coblenz, and so she wrote she would come to-day. Prentiss went to the depot for her. We talked, looked at books and albums and received a call from Dr. Hurst and Mr. Barkdull in the afternoon; in the evening all we young folks played "muggins." I was "it" but unfairly, then "old maid" three times—all the others only once.

*Sunday, April 17, '70.* Went to Dr. Hurst's church. In the afternoon, P., K., A., P. and I went to walk along the Maine; also in the promenades. Mr. Lincoln came in this evening. He went into the library and we three girls amused ourselves on the sofa in the next room the whole evening at his conversational blunders, poor fellow!

*Monday, April 18, '70.* Took Alice to the Palm Gardens. We went with Miss Strubberg who said she was going with the other boarders when I went to practise. The flowers were in an immense glass house—in the middle was a small patch of green with a little pond in it with a little waterfall falling over the rocks. All around inside of the building was a walk filled with exquisite japonicas and azaleas. Of course there were a great many palm trees besides numerous other flowers. A band was playing and the flowers were charming; there were a great many people there, among them were the two Stettheimer girls. The price of entrance was 30 kr.—very cheap for such a splendid collection of flowers in April. Most of them were sold to the town of Frankfort by the Duke of Nassau, on his coming here to live, for an enormous sum. Around the house the grounds are very rough and sandy, but by the next summer they will be nicely cultivated.

*Tuesday, April 19, '70.* Went to see the Ariadne at



Baron Bethmann's. On arriving at the museum we were conducted into the room filled with statues. At the end of the room were some green curtains which the man opened and we stepped into the recess; the walls and ceiling were covered with red, throwing a rosy light on the statue. It was beautifully chiselled, a perfect work of art; the man turned it slowly round thus showing it from all points of view. The rest of the statues were nothing remarkable and I was very glad the boys were not with us.

*Wednesday, April 20, '70.* In the forenoon went down to the fair (Messe); it is very large here, with booths with all kinds of things in them from a needle to a broom.

*Thursday, Apr. 21, '70.* Went to the zoölogical gardens—Alice, K. and I went first, and Prentiss and Paul came afterwards, as they had an engagement when we went. I had a nice time looking at the animals, the most of which I had never seen before; among them was a large elephant. The parakeets were very pretty; it was surprising to see the jealousy they displayed one for the other. For instance K. stroked an old white parrot a good deal and the old creature seemed very much pleased with it. Pretty soon she went to another and commenced stroking it; then the former set up such a cry we were obliged to return to him. One spoke English but his abilities only reached "How do you do?" Prent and Paul treated us to chocolate and cake.

*Friday, Apr. 22, '70.* Went to the "Messe" again; Alice bought some things. As we were coming home met Uncle in a carriage, in which a gentleman had sent him home, so he told us to get in and we drove round the city, stopping about 5 minutes at the Bleich Gardens where there are lots of shows.

*Saturday, April 23, '70.* Went down town. Got a cup of chocolate all round for 12 kr. Very nice indeed. Alice bought some cream chocolates. In the evening Messrs. Potter, Jackson and Barkdull and Miss Anneville came (being invited of course). I guess they played "muggins." I studied for the school which was to commence—although a less agreeable employment, a much more improving one.

*Sunday, Apr. 24, '70.* Went to Dr. Hurst's. Katie played the organ so fast we could with difficulty sing. In the afternoon went to the "Kaisersaal" with Uncle W. and Aunt S., where all the German emperors had their banquets. The walls were lined with interesting paintings of them.

*Monday.* Went into the 1st class.

*Tuesday, April 26.* U. and A. took Alice to the picture gallery.

*Wednesday, 27, '70.* Went down town with Alice.

*Saturday, 30, '70.* Alice returned to Coblenz. Did up a package of cakes for her; I think she enjoyed her visit—I hope so at least. Alice has come to Frankfort for good, is at Miss Strubberg's. K. went with Miss S. to the station for her.

*Monday, June.* Today commences our 3 Whitsuntide holidays. This afternoon Alice and Cato (Schaefer) came up for us to go with them, Miss Thurnelda and her brother to Hansen, so we got ready as quickly as possible. I wore my white piqué with black stripes and a big blue veil on my hat. Miss Garrett and Mlle. (Schwander) went too. Walked first with Cato and Miss Garrett (English governess) talked German, then talked a while with Mr. Strubberg (old bach) then with Miss Thurnelda (maiden lady) also with the different members of the party. On the way some of us bought some burnt



almonds. After a very agreeable but rather long walk over the Bockenheimer Chaussee we arrived at Hansen a small place but where a number of people were seated for "coffee." We sat down at one of the numerous green tables under the trees. Katie sat on one side of Mr. S. and Alice on the other; I sat between Cato and Miss Garrett. It began soon to rain so we were obliged to go into the house. We had pretty good coffee and what we call sweetbread, and the Germans cake, but it was very good. We girls played all sorts of love games with flowers even as far as *Il m'aime beaucoup et passionnément*. We also had some "Maiwein" (May wine); I had never drunk any before. But I found it very nice but somewhat stronger than I expected. It is made of cider, may weed, cut up oranges, &c. It can also be made of champagne, but that is too costly for every day. Picked lots of flowers coming home; I think the wild-flowers here are prettier than at home. We got parted into two parties and lost one another; Mr. S., Cato, Mad and myself in one and the others in the other. They started before us but got home afterwards; took a little supper at Miss S.'s—although against my will. Got home, found Aunt S. not feeling well. In fact she had had a bad cold for a week or two before.

*Tuesday, June.* Was called early this morning to make some tea for Aunt S., who had had a terrible chill in the night, and still had a terrible headache and fever; I bathed her head but it did no good, so Uncle went for the Doctor. He prescribed for her and then went away. Prentiss came up to her room in the forenoon looking miserable; said he had also had a chill so his mother told him to go to bed, poor boy! I bathed his head for him. K. and I bathed Aunt S.'s head alternately the whole forenoon. Dr. Buttrick came up from Coblenz,



and as it was Welschestag a great day among the Germans for going into the woods, Uncle told us we had better go and let Lina take care of Aunt S.; so Mr. Jackson, Dr. Buttrick, the three other boys, Alice (Paul went after her), K. and I started off for the Forsthaus (forest house). Had a very pleasant walk; there we sat down under the trees, had coffee and *German* cake, looked at the multitude of people and talked; then we walked round in the woods. In all, there were about 40,000 people there divided into three sections. In one part peasants and servants were seated or dancing; they seemed to be enjoying themselves very much. Their dancing was very amusing. It was rather dusty there and beer very plentiful, so I proposed we should go somewhere else. Lost the boys, we then sat ourselves down in the leaves in another part and we girls made wreaths; after a while went back where most of the people were—sitting there might belong to the 2nd class. Then some other people, who came in carriages and brought picnics with them, seated themselves alone and put a rope round where they were sitting—that was Mme. the Élite. After taking a glass of “Maiwein” rode home as Mr. J. thought it was going to rain. The gentlemen came in; Uncle treated them to some wine. Mr. B. *I* think looks very blasé. Had a lovely time—sorry to say found Aunt S. not at all better.

July 27, '70. Prentiss is up but his lungs are not strong yet. He has been terribly sick; for about a week his life hung on a thread. Aunt S. was too weak to take care of him and she was almost crazy; the Dr. came twice every day. Uncle stayed by Prentiss day and night—also a Sister of Charity whom we had for the purpose. Everything had to be as still as a mouse for 5 weeks. All the doors were greased; the boys sometimes

let themselves down out of the window. Mrs. French came up the first week of P.'s illness to see how he and Aunt S. were, and afterwards she said she never saw such a broken-down looking man as Uncle. Many people sent and came round to find out how they were; Mrs. Openhym saw Aunt S. about 2 weeks after P.'s chill and she was almost stricken dumb. I was in the room too when she entered—oh how tall and majestic, and yet so sad and pale! poor Aunt Susie. Oh that was a dreary time for us all.

*July 27, '70.* The 16th war was declared between France and Prussia. Since then there have been great preparations for the same; every train is loaded with soldiers going to France. It is thought the first battle will take place today and everyone has been to Church to pray for the soldiers who also receive the Communion. The boys were in Switzerland a couple of weeks but for several reasons did not stay longer.

*July 28, '70.* K. had her picture taken at Weisbrod's today; Aunt S., Ben and Randolph went to the market this morning and bought a lot of cucumbers for pickles. An American gardener in Frankfort sent us some sweet corn and we are to have it for dinner today—expect it will be splendid.

Katie went to Miss Strubberg's as boarder the 1st of August.

*Oct. 1, '70.* Went to Miss Strubberg's myself as Aunt S. has broken up housekeeping; it was a dreadful job cleaning everything, matching broken crockery, &c. U. and A. went up to Homburg this afternoon; I delivered the house into Mrs. Sandford's hands. She told me to tell Aunt S. "nobody but an American house-keeper could have left her house in such good order." My first week at Miss S.'s was vacation; I liked it. My



bed was hard as a brick. Aunt S. was at Rudesheim on the Rhine with all the boys after leaving Homburg. There are four new boarders here, 3 Cullens and their cousin Nina Waddell, a very nice girl. Made an excursion to Bergen with Mr. S. and Miss Thurnelda; K. and Cato rode as far as Roedelheim. Had a very nice time; saw the place where the "rogue of Bergen" danced with the Empress. Also went with Miss T. to the cemetery "Friedhof." Most of the stones were crosses; some however were different, for instance broken pillars. Many people have vaults, but I do not like them; there were no beautiful white marble stones there.

*Oct. 17.* Johanna Simon, aged 14, cousin of Minna and Clara, from Sulzback near Saarbrucken has come. She is a specimen of countrified Germans.

*Oct. .* Our new French governess Mlle. Marthe Fricault has come; very homely. Speaks very nice French but gives very tiresome lessons.

*Nov. 19, '70.* Miss Hastings from Cambridge a lady of 25 yrs. has come here to learn German. She is very tall and dark like a Spaniard, consequently interesting—also very amiable.

*Nov. 26, '70.* Mr. and Mrs. Ware with two little girls have come here. They were stopping at the hotel de Hollande where Aunt is spending the winter; wished to learn German and spend the winter in Frankfort so Aunt S. recommended Miss Strubberg's school to them, for which Miss S. was very thankful. Mr. Ware asked laughingly if Miss S. would take him; she took it up in earnest, consulted her brother and sister, and decided in the affirmative. They had the big piano room in the 3rd story. The English governess, Miss Harding, also came today from Hindon, Salisbury, Wiltshire. She is very ugly and as severe as possible. The house is now



*quite* full; I am very glad for Miss Strubberg. Mr. Ware dines with Mr. Strubberg in the Eckzimmer (corner-room) and they both sup with us. Altogether we are 21. Madge sits on one side of me and Lottie on the other.

*Nov.* 27, '70. Nina sits beside me now, dear old Nina! Thanksgiving Day Aunt S. invited Miss Hastings, Madge Cullen, Nina, Paul and Ben, Katie and me to spend the evening. I had a very nice time as I think did the others; we danced, talked, &c. until about 11 o'clock.

*Dec.* 24, 1870. Miss S. had a very nice Christmas tree. We all got something from her; most of us, a nice handkerchief embroidered with our initials and a big plate of cakes, apples, nuts, raisins, &c. We all gave Miss S. a doz. plated silver knife resters and a black velvet bashlick embroidered with yellow and white silk; she got from the Wares and Miss H. a beautiful, large book illustrated by Doré, a splendid book and some silver forks from Mr. S. and Miss T.; a little head affair from Mad.; and a tatting collar from Miss Harding—also an armchair from Seligmans. Frances and Helene spent the evening with us. I think everyone had a delightful time. I know I did and I was so surprised to get something from Miss S. as I had expected nothing.

*Christmas Day*, 1870. All went to church. This afternoon went early to Aunt Susie's where we had our presents. I got from Auntie a pair of corsets and a nice pencil box filled with a number of nice pens, pencils, &c., a garnet cross from Katie, a box of Faber's pencils from Randolph, a notebook from Prentiss and a large stamp book from Paul and Ben. I was very much pleased. K. got a pair of crystal earrings and a thread lace collar from Aunt S., a large "von Schiller" from Prent, Lichtenstein from me, a very nice pair of scissors

in Russian leather from Paul and Ben, and a black fan from R. We then had champagne, cake, dried fruits, &c.; had a real nice time, and felt very much pleased that all the folks at the school liked our things so much.

*Jan. 1, 1871.* New Year's Day, Sunday, went to Aunt Sue's. She asked Mr. and Mrs. Dresser and the mother and 2 sisters of Mr. Ware who are at the hotel to come in, and then we had two immense cakes, that were sent to her, and champagne. I talked a long time with Miss Louise Ware (a literary old maid)—very pleasant. We were all vaccinated because smallpox is in town; mine did not take—K.'s did. The Doctor also touched my wart with nitrate of silver.

*Feb. 3, '71.* Uncle got a dispatch: Aunts Sarah and Nina and Mrs. Farrington and Florence sailed under the care of Mr. Henry Hastings in the *Russia* the 1st of February for Liverpool.

Uncle went to London for them where they stayed 3 days. I was delighted to see them; Aunt S. cried. Paul was so glad he was quite dumb. Ben came after me. I find they have not changed at all except Aunt Sarah's eye, which has been operated upon, and Florence is somewhat stouter and her eyes are more protruding than formerly. Aunt Nina had a very bad cold, and Paul also, so they were detained here two or three weeks; then they all started for Italy—Paul, Ben, Aunt S., Prent and K. with them.

*Mar. 21, '71.* Went to the theatre. Madge, Miss Harding, Johanna, Nina and I went to see "Ernani"; the music is from Verdi. Mrs. Fabri was the principal actress; she sings very nicely but the piece did not please me particularly.

*Friday, Mar. 24, '71.* Before Aunt S. went to Italy she said I might go to one of the Museum concerts and



Randolph to the other. I went to the last one this evening. Mrs. Seligman sent two tickets to Miss Strubberg and Madge, but Miss S. not caring to go gave hers to Mrs. Ware, so we three went together. I wore my new brown dress with nice blue ribbons and my white mantle. Nina braided my hair, so I think I looked very well; Mrs. W. and Madge looked very nice too. We met Uncle there who took care of our things and got programmes for them too. Saw lots of people there I had seen before, and some I knew personally. The concert was very good. Charles Halle the great English pianist (German by birth) played beautifully; his fingers glided over the keys, but he did not please me remarkably. Fraulein Carola sang very prettily. I enjoyed myself very much. Mr. Ware, who had been in the gallery with his sisters, accompanied us home, and Uncle the Misses Ware to the hotel de Hollande.

*Thursday, Apr. 6.* (Grundonnerstag, Holy Thursday.) Miss S., Johanna and I went to confession in St. Paul's Church preparatory to going to the Communion on Sunday. In the afternoon Cato, who had been in Bingen three days at Hillebrands', returned with her papa and Fanny, her sister aged 16 yrs.

*Saturday, April 8.* Dear Cato has gone for good.

*Tuesday, April 11.* Madge's brother Jack came from Geneva; they were very glad to see him.

*Wednesday, April 12.* He took tea with us.

*Thursday, Apr. 13, '71.* This morning Aunts Nina and Susan, K. and P. came back from Rome after 5 weeks' absence. I was delighted to see them. K. brought me a splendid Roman sash with two smaller ribbons to match, and Aunt Susie a lovely leghorn hat. In the afternoon went out with Aunt S. and K. K. bought a large album with the war dispatches in it for Miss S. and



a book of poetry for Miss T.—very pretty presents both. This evening went to the theatre with Miss Hastings, Madge, Johanna and Fanny; saw Stella in the “Crown Jewels.” She is charming and the whole thing pleased me very much, music and all. Uncle and Aunt had brought K. to the school in the evening to practise and take singing lessons, so when I got home had the pleasure of seeing K. in her old bed.

*Friday, April 14, '71.* This morning Miss T. waked us at 5 to prepare for our trip to Bingen. All went except Wares, Mad. Frl. Weise, Miss T. and Katie. After riding 2 hours and a half arrived at our journey's end. Miss Sophia Hillebrand came running to meet Miss S. After leaving our things at the hotel, she went to the Hillebrands' with Fanny, Eleanor and Augusta and Miss Harding whom she had also invited. We did not like the style very much of being left like that, and being obliged to wait there like servants for the Queen's pleasure, so we started out to look about Bingen; then returned and waited till Miss S. and party came. Then we walked round with her, saw in the graveyard some monuments erected to the memory of soldiers fallen under Nap. I. Then we passed the church and went into the gardens of Burg (Castle) Klopp, where we picked lots of violets; we then went into the ruin itself, saw where Henry IV was confined a long time—in one room there were paintings of the old Roman emperors. On top had a very good view of the (Mausethurm) mouse-tower on a *very* small island near Bingen; also Rudesheim which is opposite and the vineyards on both sides of the Rhine. I did not find the view *very* beautiful but very *pretty*; because we did not go into hysterics over it Miss S. remarked that “only the German and possibly the French mind could appreciate a like view” (pretty

sharp cut!). We returned then to the hotel, took dinner—it was very good. Then we went to Hillebrands', called for the others; Mr. and Mrs. Hillebrand, the Misses Sophie and Anna also a Herr Pfarrer accompanied us and we walked to the "Sharlach kopf" (scarlet head) from where we had a very nice view. The Nahe empties into the Rhine there. We then continued our way to the Rocksberg where we took coffee. On our return saw the remnants of the Clemens Church, also in Geisenheim the castle of the Countess Ingelheim. It is very pretty, looked like a ruin, but is fitted up inside to live in. At Bingen we were nearly left behind; it took so long to say goodbye.

. . . The rest have come back from Italy today. Aunt S. brought me a little necklace of Roman pearls.

*Saturday, May 27, 1871.* Took the train at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 6 with Uncle, Paul and Randolph for Castel on the Rhine opposite Mainz (Mayence); the others went at 10 m. past 4. Spent the night there. Florence, Kate and I slept in the same room, which was very nice; had a very good breakfast. At about nine took the steamer to go down the Rhine. The first place of interest was Bieberich with the beautiful palace of the Duke of Nassau with a splendid garden and park; just there is the most beautiful part of the river. Then passed two handsome American summer residences. Saw the Johannisburg, where the splendid wine is made, and the castle belonging to Prince Metternich, at Geisenheim saw Miss Thorndike's home—a rather small blue house with large garden and a lovely church. In Rudesheim, Castle of the Countess Ingleheim, overgrown with trees but very handsome in the inside (Aunt S. says). The countess is unmarried. From Mayence 'til a little below Rudesheim the coasts are very level but lovely. On the other



side was Bingen; it lies beautifully at the foot of the hill; saw Burg Klopp. I think one should go up the Rhine in a boat to be able to appreciate the situation of the places. There 274 got out and 24 came on board so we got rid of 250 people. It being Whitsuntag the Germans were all making excursions in gala dress; to watch them was also pleasant. One lady Aunt Sarah said was Mrs. Farrington. The Monte tower is beautifully surrounded by trees, where Bishop Hatten was eaten by the rats in the legend—but really a man was eaten there once by the rats, so the legend is founded on that. Rheinstein castle is perfectly exquisite; it is built partly *on* and partly *of* a great rock and is surrounded by bushes. It hangs over the river and is in good repair; then Falkenberg, a ruin overgrown with trees, very prettily situated. Sonneck is very picturesque, situated on the side of a hill. Heimbach with castle Heimburg—on the right-hand side Lorch where Louis the pious was confined by his son Lotharius. A very pretty scene is the village Caup, above it on a high high hill is Schonberg; then an island in front of the same is a palatinate (Pfelz). On the left side again is Oberwesel with a very large tower and many ruins, one of the most interesting villages on the Rhine. Opposite that the scenery is beautiful. Then we passed the “Lorelei” a very high rocky hill where the Rhine is the narrowest and where Lorelei combing her golden hair enticed the sailors by the charm of her song to dash their ships against the rocks—it is magnificent. St. Goar and St. Goarshausen, villages, and the ruins of Rheinfels, all on the right bank. On both sides of the Rhine there are railroad tracks, and every once in a while the cars go through long tunnels or pass around cliffs and hills so steep that they look as if they are going to plunge into the water. Boppard on the left bank is a town. On



the right bank ruins of Marksburg—very pretty. Stolzenfels (proud rock) is splendid, is yellow on the left side; Landeck on the right—*very* pretty. Coblenz is situated on the left bank; a bridge extends across to Milderlahnstein. Saw the house where all the Lowell girls were at school; then comes the great fortress Ehrenbreitstein one of the largest in the world; it commands the whole river and looks splendid. On the left Rheineck and Argenfels and St. Apolinari's Church—*very* pretty. Rolandseck opposite Drachenfels on the top of a very high cliff, partly covered with bushes—very romantic.

Bonn, very pretty place, has some lovely summer seats; a little before Bonn the mountains cease. I think it is entirely unnecessary to go below Bonn to see the Rhine for after that the scenery is very quiet, flat interspersed with villages and windmills, no ruins, castles, vineyards or rocky cliff. Arrived in Cologne about 7 o'clock, went to the hotel du Nord—largest hotel in Germany, prices accordingly. Coffee, tea, bread and butter very poor; other things very good. Florence, Katie and I had a nice time talking, as we slept in the same room. Did not go to bed till after 12; we finished up downstairs with champagne. Got up at 5 o'clock; went with the folks to the station where they took the cars for Hamburg. On getting there Aunt Susie told me she could not say goodbye to them and went away. As we were waiting Mrs. F. whispered to me, "I wish I could find such a nice little body as you for Willie." Probably she has her plans but that was a big compliment for me. Of course it was hard work to say goodbye. K. cried dreadfully; I too and Mrs. F. wiped her eyes several times. The evening before, we all went into the cathedral which is splendid—it is made of gray

sandstone and I should judge there were about a thousand pinnacles large and small on it. It is not yet completed and on nearing the town, only seeing the middle pinnacle, thought the cathedral of small importance. We went into a cologne store where we saw the cathedral finished in miniature; it was lovely. In the inside there are beautiful stained-glass windows, particularly on the right side, where they are new. It is extremely high, so high that the people looked like pygmies. Today, after they left, we came back; Aunt S. had been out walking. She said she had been into the dome three times; after returning to the hotel she went into the little room and sobbed aloud—poor Aunt Susie! After she felt better Uncle ordered a carriage to ride round in; it was a barouche and I felt quite grand not having ridden in one for so long. We drove along the Rhine, saw Rubens' birthplace—Maria von Medicis died in the same house—then the great concert hall built by the Romans, very ancient looking, then the St. Peter's Apostolic and Marien Churches, all very large and handsomely built. There are some very nice stores there. We also drove outside of the town, saw the fortifications, which are very strong; saw the Borse, watch, great Central station, &c. Afterwards Uncle went to see the Vice-Consul in the Sassenhof Street. He being out of town, his secretary told Uncle the *real* cologne was to be bought at No. 4 Julich's Platz; the store is very fancy. Uncle bought 2 boxes (12 bottles). Went into the Marien Church, which was papered very prettily, and overhead a few pictures; it made a good effect but was not rich. Dined at the hotel Weber; it was not quite as dear as the hotel du Nord—very good. Then we went into the St. Peter's Church and saw there a splendid, great painting by Rubens representing the crucifixion of St.



Peter; also a copper font wherein Rubens was baptized. The church otherwise was not remarkable in the inside. Lost our way on coming home so Uncle asked the way of a musician who said he was going over to Denz to play. He asked where we were from; thought Uncle's dialect was Dutch. Came back to the hotel tired to death, all lay down on our beds. I went to sleep twice and lay on the bed and rested myself two hours. Then Uncle went to the grand concert (every year people come together from all parts of Germany and give a concert generally in Cologne); it cost for each person 4 Th. or 7 fl.—very dear. P., R. and I went to walk down on the Rhine and around the town a little; then returned to the hotel and took supper, winding up with ice cream which cost 10 Sgr. 35 kr.—very dear. While we were riding out this morning saw a large Catholic procession; some of the children were very pretty. They were dressed in white with pink and blue sashes and wreaths of the same colors. There is also a triumphal arch here; it is prettily ornamented with shields, flags, and a number of iron crosses and wound with evergreen. Cologne is a very large important place; well built but dear and not possessing the beautiful promenades of F., although much handsomer churches. Uncle and Aunt found the concert very fine, but the air was dreadful; they did not have one window open. The next day we returned. There were very many English on board; towards night it was very cold and rather tiresome—we arrived in Castel about 9 o'clock. Consul Vale's son from Mannheim was on the steamer, he went to the hotel in Castel with us.

*May 30, '71.* Prent and Mr. Vale left us there. I was glad Prent had company, we came to Frankfort. Found that Cullens were going to leave the school for good;



their parents came from Italy Friday and they are going to Soden.

*July 4, '71.* Uncle allowed me to go to Homburg today, it being the "4th." I met R. at the station in Oberursel. Uncle had a large flag hanging out of the window of the Victoria. I was very much pleased to see Aunt Susie; we talked together a long time. She gave me some monograms; then we went down to the Ludwig Brunnen, drank a glass of water, then went down to the greenhouse where we met Dr. and Mrs. Cullen, Madge and Nina. I was very much pleased to see them, especially Nina whom I had not seen since she left Frankfurt. Afterwards we walked a little more; we then returned to the hotel, lunched, read the newspapers and a letter from Prentiss. Aunt dressed then and we went up to the Kursaal gardens, but there was unfortunately no concert as there was opera in the evening. Talked with some Americans, saw Mr. Ide and Mr. Zabriski who were there 2 years ago. At five took dinner. R. came while we were out; Uncle treated the Americans there to 2 bottles of 6 fl. champagne. It was splendid; afterwards two other gentlemen ordered some but it was not so good as Uncle's, as the other table was almost filled with English we could make no demonstrations. After dinner we talked some together and had tea in Aunt Sue's parlor, then went up to the Kursaal. Met there Mr. and Mrs. Deering—very pleasant people. The playing was very pleasant to look at, and the people were interesting to look at too. At nine Uncle brought us to the station; R. got out at Oberursel. I had a splendid time.

*Sunday '71.* Mr. Strubberg took us this afternoon to the Concordia where we heard a very good concert, took coffee and supper there, had a very good time.

*Friday, July* '71. Upon an invitation from Madge, Miss Harding and I went to Soden today. I wore my black and white checked silk, blue ribbons, &c., and my leghorn hat; Fanny fixed my hair. Madge and Nina were at the station. They have very nice rooms in the Westfalia House; Mrs. Cullen was very amiable. Miss Harding played "Home Sweet Home" and we together the "Jubel Overture" and then I alone "La Joyeuse" for her. They then showed us all Soden "the land of roses"—it is very pretty indeed; there is a small Kursaal there, a lovely little Catholic church, a very large bath house, &c.—there are also 18 wells there. In the afternoon Mrs. Cullen, all the children except Carrie, Miss H. and I went to drive in a two-horse barouche; we rode through a number of villages where there were still triumphal arches, wreaths, &c. from the soldiers passing through there; passed through Hofheim, saw the celebrated Chapel of Hofheim. Finally we arrived at the ruins of the Castle Epstein; it is lovely—picked ivy there 300 yrs. old. Coming back I rode on the box; had a splendid view of the lovely surrounding country and the Taunns. Both tea and dinner were very nice; returned to Frankfort in the 8 o'clock train after a *very* agreeable day.

*Thursday* . Miss Thurnelda invited two Misses Dotter, Mlle.'s friends to come here this evening. The eldest, Miss Bertha, is a celebrated singer in Weimar; she sang to us 3 songs from Schubert beautifully. Spent a very pleasant evening.

*Tuesday, August 1.* Uncle and Aunt have come to Frankfort to their house in the Gallus Strasse. I am very glad.

*August 5, '71.* Prentiss returned from Heidelberg today. I was surprised and glad when he kissed me; I



think our being so few here draws us together. Randolph came down from Oberursel; I spent the evening and part of the afternoon with them. Had a cosy, nice time together.

*Saturday, Sept. 13, '71.* About half-past twelve, Randolph came round and told me I must be ready in ten minutes; Uncle and Aunt were coming for me to go with them to Soden. I hurried and soon had the pleasure of riding off with them in a handsome carriage with two horses; it was certainly very kind of them to take me with them. The ride was very pleasant although very dusty. I was astonished at not seeing any apples, or at least very few; on the long way (chaussee) to Soden were only a few pears. We passed through Hoechst, a very busy little town, and a few other villages. The highway was almost quite straight from here to Soden, and lined with trees. On arriving at our destination drove at once to the Curhouse, the best restaurant in Soden, but it was closed the day before, so we were obliged to drive to another hotel "Colossens" where we dined; then went to visit Mrs. Evans from New York and then Dr. Cullen and family. Mrs. C. had gone to Munich the day before, so we only saw Dr. C., Nina and Mr. C., Jr. We then walked round, talked, &c. Soden is a charming little place; at the time there were 25 Americans there and during the summer 4,000 people had been there. There were lovely villas there; almost every house had a name—for instance Westphalia, Victoria, &c. We drove home another way, through Rodelheim, Hansen (in both of which were some very pretty houses) and Brannheim, where Uncle called on the *former* American Vice-Consul General Graebe. It being the Jews' New Year's Day in all the villages through which we passed were Jewesses "ausgeputzt" for the day.



*Saturday, September 20.* Vacation commences today. Blanche and Alice Callon together with Elise Mayer left school today. I felt sorry for it.

*Sept. 29.* Randolph's birthday. Ate our *first* dinner in Aunt's new house; very good. Wrote to Aunt Sarah for Aunt Sue. Spent a pleasant afternoon and evening.

*Oct. 1, '71.* Today left the school and came to Aunt Sue's for the winter; sorry to leave the school, but my sorrow was more than counterbalanced by gladness to get home once more.

*Monday, Oct. 10, '71.* Had a call from Miss Strubberg and the two little Hurleys; the latter I showed the house to, also stamp-collections, pictures, &c. I think they had a nice time. Genl. Burnside was here, but as Uncle and the boys were out and he could not speak German, I went into the Consulate to see him. He is one of the finest looking men I have ever seen; he was very pleasant, thought I resembled Uncle very much &c.

*Tuesday, Oct. 11, '71.* Went out with Auntie. Met the Misses Baxter and Eastman with the lady with whom they are stopping; they walked as far as the house with us. I talked with Miss Baxter.

*Wednesday, Oct. 12, '71.* The young ladies came to call today; we went with them to Henkel's Music Store to look at pianos. They spent the evening with us; we had a nice tea. They read some of the last newspapers, looked at visiting cards, albums, talked, &c. We then played "muggins" and "old maid" till nine o'clock; we all played except Uncle, who was busy in the office. They are very pretty, nice girls from Rutland, Vermont; Fanny Eastman I found particularly agreeable, Mary Baxter has a little of the old maid.

*Monday, Oct. 17, '71.* The girls came again; we played the piano, games, had a pleasant evening.

*Thursday*, 20. The girls invited me to spend the evening with them—accordingly went. We talked till supper time in their room; (am willing to change the quickly written remark about Mary Baxter; I do not find her at all old maidish now), played games with the family and some of their company: two young friends of Mr. Paul's "Sonnenblume" and "Tunnergrun," were rather queer and "green." Had a *very* pleasant time.

*Nov.* 8, 1871. The girls came in this evening. Although I feel greatly shocked with the lie, if it was one, they told me about the Prussian officer, was very glad to see them. Randolph asked his English friend Tebbitt in, as Aunt S. was making mince pies for Thanksgiving we were left to ourselves; talked, played the piano, and danced. Tebs and Fan are both lovely dancers; Mary did not dance at all—she thinking she looked gawky. Randolph did not make out particularly; I must take him in hand. "Consequences" I think all enjoyed, played tricks with cards, etc.

*Nov.* 18, 1871. At the concert given by the Orchestra Verein for Chicago sufferers, Uncle took a box with 8 places. Aunt Sue seldom looks better than she did that evening in her curls, brown silk, &c., every inch a lady. Uncle invited to go with us Miss Edith Willis, daughter of the poet—a lovely girl, and Miss Flanders. Both took tea with us afterwards; Mr. Jackson and Rand. and Tebs came into the box. I wore my black and white silk and Roman sashes, latter for the first time. The concert I enjoyed very much; Hugo Hermann played the violin exquisitely. Wallenstein played the piano too, very nicely; it certainly was a great success—the house was pretty full and after all expenses were paid, 500 fl. were over. The selection of the "Eternal or Wandering Jew" by Frl. Schweigart was rather



strange, as probably  $\frac{7}{8}$  of the house were Jews. After the concert, had two bottles of champagne and little cakes—talked with Tebbitt and I must say, with the consciousness of looking well, I passed a thoroughly agreeable evening.

*Friday, Nov. 24, '71.* Went this evening with Aunt Sue to the Museum Concert; I enjoyed it very much. The "Symphony in D Major" from Beethoven was beautiful. The singer, Frl. Weckerlin, had a very pleasing voice but it was not enough schooled. Frl. Fichtuer from Vienna played very brilliantly but made several mistakes. Was introduced to Miss Therese Rosenfeld, a *very* pretty girl.

*Dec. 15, '71.* Frl. Narz came to try my voice; says I have a "wunderschone Stimme."

*Sunday, Dec. 24.* Had our Christmas presents this evening. I had some very nice ones. Uncle's present of von Schiller's works in 12 Volumes astonished and gratified me very much; I could hardly believe he was in earnest when he handed me such an immense packet. Tebs's attention in sending me a scent-bag, with "Compliments of the Season" on it, pleased me very much. I think everyone was very much satisfied with his presents.

*Monday, Dec. 25.* Christmas Day. This morning at  $\frac{1}{4}$  after 4 got up and went to the Catholic church; as Frau Schafer told me the birth of our Lord would be celebrated I imagined it would be very nice but I must say I was disappointed. The singing was very fine but there was no procession; after a Mass in Latin the Holy Sacrament was partaken of by many of the Catholics. The laity did not partake of the wine any more than in former times; on the floor of the altar was spread a white cloth so that if any of the bread should fall, it



might not fall on the floor. I saw the Transubstantiation of the bread into Christ's flesh, as the Catholics believe, and just before the minister pronounced the words a bell rang and they all crossed themselves and perfect silence reigned. The church was crowded, and as we came away at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 6 people were still coming. I was astonished not to find it any lighter at half-past six than at a quarter-past four; the streets were as brilliantly lighted as in the evening. Went to bed and slept till about 9 A.M. (of course not till 9 P.M.). Worked all day till evening when Laura Fisher from my school, and Miss Flanders, the two girls in the Taunns-Strasse, Randolph's friend Tebbitt, and three Americans from New York stopping at Mr. Lentze's, Messrs. Van Ness, Graham and Spencer came in. Talked, played the piano, &c. until about half-past eight; also sang a Christmas hymn: "While shepherds watched their flocks by night, all seated on the ground." We should have taken supper earlier but the young men at Lentze's kept us waiting till Aunt Sue said we wouldn't wait any longer. Miss Baxter had a dream about Tebs and me, which she told me, and I told her to tell him, which she did; when we came to go out to supper Fanny, Tebs and I were over, so I stood there expecting Tebs would ask me, as he seemed to be nearing me and looking right at me, but instead of that he asked Fan and then turned, and offered me his left arm in a manner which seemed to say: "She seems so disappointed, think I will ask her, or if you are willing to play second fiddle you are welcome to do so." Of course my pride kept me from accepting an offer made out of pity and from playing second fiddle—Tebs seemed surprised at my "No, I thank you," and I supposed at the time he was astonished I could refuse an offer from him or that I had

so much pride—I felt provoked with myself for having asked Mary to tell him that dream for I thought at once he was disgusted with me and wanted to slight me. Then I was mortified that he should have seen I expected he would ask me and was disappointed; altogether it was a very embarrassing position and I think my cheeks must have betrayed how I felt. Mary supported me and at the table I communicated my plans to her of making myself as agreeable as possible to my neighbor from Mr. Lentze's when he should come and so show Mr. T. I could have a good time in spite of his slight. The trio arrived about  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 9 expecting a ball. Van Ness was just the kind to further my plans for he commenced to talk directly in a very familiar manner so I got on nicely. After supper, during which however I saw Tebs cast many furtive glances at me, we played "muggins." I sat between Van Ness and Graham whom I helped as much as possible; Spencer learned the game first and Van Ness seemed the most diffident of the three. Then Mary and I wanted to play "euchre" at the other table, so Spencer and Graham played with us—Spencer did not know the game so we others taught him. Graham played with me and I must say he was about as sleepy and unentertaining as a person well could be in company; we beat 3 to 2 games, then we played "old maid," Spencer and Graham were the old "batches"—then tricks. Spencer is *very* good looking and I like his frank, nice manners; Van Ness is very jolly but Graham is kind of off-hand and does not try to make himself very agreeable. Miss Baxter was rather ill-humored, Miss Fisher extremely dumpy and Miss Eastman acted like a rollicking country girl. Tebs seemed to enjoy himself with her. When Randolph came home, after going into a café with Spencer and Van Ness,



he said Graham said he hated the sight of Miss Eastman more and more every time he saw her. I asked him if anyone said anything about me; he said Van Ness said, "That was a pretty good girl that sat beside of me, darned good looking,"—that almost paid me for all vexations of the evening.

*Friday, Dec. 29, '71.* Went with Aunt S. to make calls; called on Mrs. Feist, Mrs. Mails, the Rosenfelds where we met the Misses Kuhn—one a lovely girl—and however it was, I managed to talk to three or four young ladies at the same time. All *very* pleasant; the Rosenfelds seem to wish to get acquainted. Miss Clotilde wished to call for me some day to go to her house to spend the afternoon; they are both much older than I, but treat me as their equal in age. Also called on Mrs. Garrison from New York. In the afternoon went down to Winterhafen with the Taunns Street girls; was introduced to Tebs's brother who is not nearly as nice looking as he. Charlie is much better looking than his brother or Hirsch; on the ice had a good chance to look at them. Randolph and Mr. Jackson got into the river going to Hochst with the Schlittschuh-Club.

*Sunday, Dec. 31.* At Miss Narz's scholars' matinee was obliged to sing a *tolfeggische* from Concone without words—I trembled so I could hardly sing at all but Frau Dr. Siebert applauded and several said I did very well. In the afternoon Tebs came in and I talked with him a while until Hirsch came in; they both spent the afternoon here and stopped to tea. However before tea Washburne and Jackson came in; I played several pieces on the piano, "Home Sweet Home" particularly well. Mr. Jackson thought I had made great progress the past year; then Charlie and Hirsch went and Messrs. W. and J. together with Aunt S. and I sang Psalm tunes,



&c. After they went Aunt and I set a table for New Year's, fixed the house up, &c. As the clock struck twelve I called out "Happy New Year." About half-past eleven people in the street commenced to holler, fire cannons, guns, &c. after German custom; but they did not make so much noise as Americans would have made if it were an American custom to make a great noise at that hour.

*Jan. 1, 1872.* Aunt Sue received today and I helped. Fifteen gentlemen came in all and innumerable cards were sent wishing a "Happy New Year." Messrs. Spencer, Van Ness and Spencer called towards night. I would *really* like to see Graham with a *pleasant* face. Mr. Mails called and spent a great part of the evening, recommended very highly to me Mr. Becker as music teacher.

Went to the theatre Saturday, Dec. 30, with Uncle; sat in the spare seats for the first time—my *right*-hand neighbor was Mr. Jackson. The music of "Don Juan" is splendid and the acting was very good. Pichler took the part of Don Juan. The transformation at the end was excellent. Mr. Washburne walked from the theatre with me.

*Tuesday, Jan. 2, '72.* Fanny and Mary invited me round to their house; talked in their room a long while, had a very nice supper and spent the rest of the evening in the saloon—the Christmas tree was very handsome. Played "La Joyeuse" on the piano and the girls a duet from the opera "Euryanthe" from von Weber. Had a very nice time, only Randolph without my knowledge waited sometime outside the door, about which he of course made a fuss.

*Wednesday, Jan. 3, 1872.* Went with Aunt S., Uncle W. and Randolph to the "Freischutz," a most splendid

opera, but all the best singers were either ill or did not wish to play; the playing was very good but the singing was rather mediocre and the cast was not good. Frl. Deiner was not fitted to sing "Leise, leise, frommer Weise" and all those lovely songs; but the scenery was very pretty, and the scene in which Caspar and Max cast the Freikugeln was very exciting. A prologue preceded the opera wherein the muse of music (Frl. Schweigert) shows von Weber (Schneider) tableaux from his six best operas, tells him he is immortal, &c. Just as he was ready to despair when comparing himself to Beethoven and Mozart, it was exceedingly pretty. I never saw the house so full; every seat apparently was taken. Saw several acquaintances—in coming out of theatre saw Tebs standing in front of the same with Winny, Cooke, &c. Shook hands with him and he gave my hand an awful squeeze. It was von Weber's birthday.

*Thursday, January 4, '72.* Randolph invited Mary and Fanny in to spend the evening, also Mr. Hirsch; Uncle and Aunt went to a party at the Burghmaster's, both looked very nice. Hirsch I don't consider a gentleman; he seems very cockneyfied to me and he uses such language as would hardly be admissible in polite society as "I'd be blowed, tuppence, male and female," &c., and then he is terribly bombastic. His hair is covered with pomade, &c. With great difficulty I could control myself from laughing out loud when Hirsch galloped with Fan; it was *too* comical, they are both so stout. Even Canade could hardly control himself. I wished R. had invited Tebs instead of him as he is much more gentlemanly and a very good dancer.

*Friday, Jan. 5, '72.* Went to the Museum Concert with Aunt S.; enjoyed it very much. The "Symphony in C Moll" from Spohr was very fine—one part was en-



cored. Frau Clara Schumann pleased me exceedingly; she is an elegant player. She is much older than I supposed, being probably about 60 years; I noticed she wiped the keys of the piano with her handkerchief every time she played. The "Rondo Cappriciosa" from Mendelssohn was so applauded she was obliged to return and play another piece. Frl. Regan pleased me very well; she has a very pleasant though not strong voice. Italian certainly sounds much better than German. Saw Mrs. Farwell and a few other acquaintances.

*Sunday, Jan. 7, 1872.* Went to *the* or *a* grand matinee at Miss Narz's, sang in the Chorus of "O Salutaris"; some of the singing was very good. "Mes yeux bleus" sung by Frl. Krebs pleased me very much. Talked considerably with Frl. Rosenhain, and walked part-way home with the two Frl. Bolling—very nice girls. Went to the French church. Baron von Hell called.

*Wednesday, Jan. 17, 1872.* Went with the rest of the family to Ullman's second and last concert here. The "Florentine Quartet" was very pretty but I was rather disappointed in it. Jean Becker the best violinist was formerly a very successful soloist but he, wishing to promote quartet playing generously gave up his brilliant career and formed the noted quartet aforementioned. Mme. Marie Monbelli sang beautifully; her voice is not remarkably strong but she runs the scales with great facility, and her voice is very pleasing. She is very handsome; her eyes are beautiful. She was elegantly dressed in green silk, overdress of crepe de Chine with flounce of point laces trimmed with black velvet and ivy; she was encored so that she was obliged to sing an extra song. It was Spanish and she accompanied herself; in it she spoke several words which amused everyone very much. Camillo Sivori played the violin splendidly; the



“Carnival of Venice” with original variations from Paganini he rendered magnificently. Bernadine Hamakers (a French woman, I think) sang very nicely. She had a much more powerful voice than Monbelli but it was not so pleasant; she also had a very handsome dress of gray satin and gray puffed crepe. She was jealous of Monbelli and sang an extra song when it was quite unnecessary, for she was not going to be outdone if possible. Max Staegemann’s singing did not please much and Frl. Fichtuer’s playing from Chopin, although very brilliant and the music very difficult, did not please me exceedingly. Joseph Servais played the violoncello elegantly, I never heard that instrument so well played before; but his bows were too comical. He was called out a number of times and was consequently obliged to reciprocate with a number of bows; every time he bowed he had to push his long hair out of his eyes. It was the best concert I ever attended—a perfect success. Ullman is an American.

Went with Uncle to see and hear “Lohengrin” by Richard Wagner. It is lovely, but the acting and scenery pleased me more than the music, which is mostly extremely loud. Some parts are very pretty; one part of the overture and the swan-song “Schwanenlied” or song to the swan, particularly. I enjoyed it very much. Colmann-Schmidt took the role of Lohengrin, but I do not think he acted with feeling enough. Frl. Deiner looked and acted better than I ever saw her before. Frl. Oppenheimer acted and looked very well but she has grown very stout since I saw her in the “Krondiamanten.” Pichler played well, as usual, but Dalle-Astre although he sang very well seemed to be so tired of what was going on around him that his acting was none too good. I suppose he is very lazy.

*Feb. 2nd, 1872.* Went round to Miss Strubberg's to make the congratulatory speech in the name of the school on her birthday. We gave her a large wardrobe of silver costing 55 florins, a half-dozen silver spoons with Miss S.'s monogram, four dessert forks, 2 large torten and two handsome bouquets. We had over 100 florins but Mr. S. and Miss Thurnelda gave 20 fl. and I gave 2 fl. One hundred fl. was a pretty good sum for about 40 pupils. I got through my speech very well but I trembled *slightly*. We also sang a song in honor of Miss S., who received a great many flowers and bouquets. In the evening wore my silk dress and Roman sashes, flowers (artificial), my hair rolled in front and curled and braided behind—Mary Baxter curled my hair and Fannie Eastman arranged it—also a pair of new buff gloves, Aunt Sue's sandalwood fan and my lace handkerchief. Everyone looked *very nice*; the two Andersons looked very pretty and danced beautifully. I danced with both a number of times. Also with Fanny Schafer, Mr. Boyd, Augusta's and Eleanor's brother and many others; danced so much I felt quite ill for a while. Miss Thurnelda said I had made a "froberung" with Fanny von Vahlkampf, she having asked who I was, etc. Had a very nice time. Miss S. had cardinal, lemonade and different kinds of excellent cake passed round.

*Sunday, '72.* Sang at Frl. Narz's Schuler matinee the 2nd.

*Solfeggie Sunday, '72.* Took Mary with me to Miss Narz's matinee; the singing was very good. Frl. Krebs sang a number of songs very nicely; among them my "Der Schiffer." Frau Mayer and Frau Bechold sang very nicely. Fan had religious scruples about going Sunday.

*Thursday, March 21.* The "Messe" (fair) commenced



today and we have been edified all day with a great number of bands, some of which play very well.

*Friday, March 22, '72.* The Emperor's birthday. Intended to go to church with Miss Strubberg but on account of my singing lesson could not. The Frankforters do not seem to care much for the "Allergnädigste König's and Kaiser's Geburts-day," for business went on as usual. The fair was open and not a great many flags; only those of the Prussians and a few Consuls were seen flying. After church there was dress parade on the Ross Market and afterwards the officers had a dinner in the palm gardens; the night before some soldiers and a band went to von Madai's to salute him—it was called a Tapfenstrich (tattoo) although I did not see much tattooing about it. The play at the theatre was "in honor" of His Majesty. In the evening Mr. Martine came to call, so Randolph got Fanny and Mary to come in from the hotel du Nord. We had a very pleasant time—at least *I* did. We played "authors," "spillekins," tried puzzles and talked; had coffee and a very nice torte for refreshments.

*Sunday, March 24, '72.* Went to the English church twice, bowed to Miss Thomas, and Fan walked with us as far as the hotel. In the evening Hirsch took supper with us; I had a very pleasant time talking about banking business, history and geography.

*April* . Prentiss came home from Hyerts. We were all pleased to see him; he looked much better, broader and straighter than when he left, having gained seven pounds.

*April* . Mrs. Baxter brought me from Rome a beautiful pink, blue and white neck-scarf, and Aunt Sarah brought me a pair of small Roman pearl earrings that match my beads. I was very much pleased, partic-



ularly as I had not thought of receiving anything from her.

*April* . Mrs. Baxter invited us all into the hotel du Nord to spend the evening. Messrs. Martine and Hirsch were there; looked at many pictures Mrs. Baxter brought from Italy. I find her *very* interesting in conversation, but she speaks very low. Then we had nice refreshments; Mary and Fanny played as did I also, and we talked. Had a pretty pleasant evening, although none of the gentlemen held any conversation. Mr. Hirsch indeed felt so badly at Mr. Martine's monopolizing Fan that when I moved over to talk to him instead of his drawing his chair over to where I sat he gave me very monosyllabic answers not in the least gallant.

*May 10, 1872.* Went to see Desiree Artot or Signora de Padilla in the "Troubadour"; "Il Trovatore," from Verdi. I understood it very well, having read it in German before going, but I could not follow the Italian. Artot sang beautifully. Her voice is very full and rather deep and once in a while she gave little screams—I suppose to reach the high keys—which I did not like. She is very plain and *I* did not admire her acting; she is *too stout* to move gracefully; her dresses were elegant. That is my criticism but older and better critics say she acts well and is very graceful, but Marini reaped the most laurels being encored; he has a fine tenor voice. Frl. Oppenheimer took the part of "Azucena" remarkably well, and although she sang in German it did not disturb at all. They called it "Italian Opera," although there were only four Italians there, and Frl. Oppenheimer took one of the principal parts. On one occasion however a messenger came in and said a short sentence in German in such a loud tone, as if he had the

most important role, which set the house in a roar; one would have supposed he might have learned those few words in Italian. Saw at the theatre Mrs. Oppenheimer. Mrs. Rice's daughter spoke with me and I saw there Mr. Dable, Miss Rosenfeld and Herr and Frau von Madai; the house was very full notwithstanding the awful rain.

May 16, 1872. The school had a "Maifest" and I should have gone with them to Soden, but Mrs. Baxter invited me to go with her and Mary and Fanny; so I accepted and rode with her 2nd Cl. instead of 3rd as I should have been obliged to ride had I gone with the school. Mary and I led the procession (the school) to the station. At Hoechst having to wait, went to see the palace where the Bulangaros of Frankfort lived, on their flight from Savoyen; it is very large but is not now used as a palace of course. On arrival at Soden took leave of Miss S. and the school and proceeded at once to the Victoria House, Mrs. B.'s boardinghouse. Soden is a beautiful little place certainly. Walked round with the girls, drank of the "Champagne Brunnen," and of one of the others, but the water of Soden is too salt for me; I do not see how May *could* drink so many glasses of that salt water. Went into the little chapel where I went with Madge, Nina and Hardingchen last year. Then Fanny sang several songs, she has a very nice voice but it requires a *great* deal of "*Ausbildung*." Dinner was passable, not nearly as good as Mrs. Cullen had last year for Miss Harding and myself at the "Westphalia." May and Fan played and we then started off on three donkeys for Konigstein. For sometime after starting we actually giggled out loud; it seemed so perfectly absurd, us three girls starting on esel for a place all by ourselves, with the exception of the "eseltreiber." The ruins of the



fortress (Festung) of Konigstein are beautiful; it is situated on a hill covered with green bushes and from a distance it looks beautiful. It was blown up (ruined) in 1796, by the French, to whom it was surrendered by the Prussians and Curhessians, and upon the Prussians being reinforced and trying to regain the fortress the French blew it up; but the explosion took place sooner than 29 French who were intoxicated expected and they were blown up too. Afterwards, 1815, it was struck by lightning and the staircase leading to the top of the tower was burned down; but the Duchess of Nassau had a new one put in. We mounted 169 steps and had from the top a beautiful view of the surrounding scenery; in the distance we saw Frankfort and the Rhine. With a candle we went through the dark causeways. This fortress formerly belonged to Count Stolberg but the Duchess of Nassau bought it not long since. The Valet de place was very accommodating and got us moss, flowers, &c. The Duchess of Nassau had then been in Koenigstein a week in a very pretty house near the ruins, from which the Nassau flag (dark blue and red) was flying. On our ride back to Soden stopped at a forget-me-not field near Neunhein and picked a lot of flowers; we rode past the "drei Linden." We were gone nearly four hours, from 2 till nearly 6. We then went into the Curgarten to listen to the music. We all took some beer and May coffee. I expect our drinking beer looked rather fast and I felt rather ashamed that Miss S. should see us. We left soon after, at 7 o'clock, after having passed a delightful day. Soden is a *lovely* place, we had beautiful weather and I had nice company and enjoyed excessively our jolly, harum-scarum excursion to K. on which I got fearfully burned and pretty lame from donkey-riding—*two hours* being as long as one can *enjoy* an esel ride.



One hundred ninety-four strangers were already in Soden. Saw Mr. Elger and Mr. Chappman at the station and I could not at first believe that was the young gentleman I had taken for Mr. Graham at the rehearsal, and who had caused me so much trouble (*head* trouble). They were with two English damsels.

*Saturday, May 18, 1872.* At the rehearsal today saw Messrs. Elger and Chappman. Mr. Flood introduced me to two young ladies whose names I can't for the life of me remember. When I bowed to Mr. Tebbitt going out Mr. Elger made me an *elegant* bow.

*Sunday, May 19, '72.* At Mr. Flood's request sat in the choir, took May with me; the singing was excellent. As Mr. Elger passed the plate I could not help smiling; he is so handsome and has such fearfully careless but nevertheless nice manners. He resembles Will Farrington and Graham but is better looking than either. After returning the plate to Mr. Flood, he looked right up at me for some seconds; I don't know whether he saw it was hard for me to keep my face straight or not. I suppose Randolph would not introduce him to me as he never will do anything I wish him to. I wore my silk suit and large hat; looked very well I know from compliments I received. In the afternoon went with Uncle to the palm gardens; did not enjoy myself very much—it was rather common. Mr. Martine talked with Uncle and myself; also saw Randolph. The band played a fantasia from Lohengrin which was very nice. Went with May to church at 7 p.m. The singing of two chants was awful, as they were very difficult and had not been practised enough. I with most of the others gave up singing altogether. After church Mr. Martine called with Mr. Seegrave whose acquaintance I made after seeing him innumerable times this winter. He

talks very well and is much better looking than I thought—he looks much better without his hat than with. Had quite a pleasant time, had a very pleasant conversation with Mr. Martine.

*Monday, May 20, '72.* Called to congratulate Miss Thurnelda on her birthday.

*Tuesday, May 21.* Prevented from going into the woods Welschestag by fearful rain.

THE END. AMEN.

The American Consulate at Frankfort was mother's home for the six years that she was abroad. Six happy, busy years, practising the piano eight hours a day, and with lessons in French when in France, and in German while in Germany. Her cousins Katie and Nina were her constant companions, and her boy cousins, Prentiss and Randolph Webster, and later Benny and Paul Butler. Her best German friend was Bertha Rothschild (afterwards Princess Wagram), a lovely girl with blue eyes and light brown hair. I remember a photograph of her, with two long braids that reached almost to her knees. The girls would go to the opera together, and sit in the Rothschild box, always escorted by a distinguished old dame with side-curls, followed by a footman in livery who stood behind.

Frankfort had been a free city and the commercial center of Germany until 1866, when siding with Austria she won the enmity of Prussia. It was one of the wealthiest cities of Germany and historically interesting. Here in the past the German Kings were elected and in 1871 the treaty which concluded the Franco-Prussian War was signed in the Swan Hotel by Prince Bismarck and Jules Favre.



Mother has told me of Bismarck's calling on Uncle Webster, and of her hanging out of an upper-story window watching the fierce old man arrive and depart. So she watched history in the making.

In the early 'seventies, mother was at school at Nancy, and remembered picking lint for the wounded. The girls called the Prussians names, but in rather subdued tones, for then as always the fear of the Huns was in their souls.

Then there were happy memories of a trip through Italy with Aunt Loretta Hildreth (her only uncle's wife), and a Royal Boar Hunt in Bavaria, where dukes and princes stood bareheaded by Aunt Sue's open landeau, and directed the ladies so that they could best see the sport. I have a portrait of mother, at this period of her life, painted at Frankfort. It hangs over my drawing room mantel, in the place of honor here at Ballyshannon, and a lovelier face it is hard to imagine—exquisitely frail, with great sad brown eyes, and her chestnut hair a mass of ringlets. . . .

The artist Travers who painted it also finished a portrait of Abraham Lincoln which he had begun in the White House in 1864. Uncle Webster liked it and bought it, and it hung in the Consulate until the family came home to America in 1876, when it was exhibited at the Philadelphia Centennial. It now belongs to the Percy Rockefeller estate and it was said that Mrs. Lincoln fainted when she first saw it—it being such a perfect likeness of her dead husband. Many believe it to be the best portrait ever painted of Lincoln. Perhaps this may account in some measure for the numerous visits Abraham Lincoln's widow pressed upon dear Aunt Susan.

At the age of eighteen, mother returned home, well





*Harriet Fildreth Heard*  
1856 - 1936



versed in German, French and Italian, and with a flair for china painting, and with a thorough knowledge of music. She was an accomplished pianist. Her thorough German training made her a wonderful sight-reader, and I have a memory of mother, at the age of eighty, gaily playing the latest jazz! She didn't like it, but she believed in keeping up with the times.

Her beloved Aunt Susan died while they were in Frankfort, and then her Aunt Sarah Butler died almost as soon as she made her home with her on coming back to Massachusetts. So again and again she faced sorrow, and her beautiful eyes showed the depth of her feelings. But her physical strength carried her through the sad times, and her courage never failed her. After Aunt Sarah's death she was head of Uncle Butler's house, both at 333 Andover Street in Lowell, and in the big stone house on Capitol Hill in Washington.

In an elaborate locked diary of my mother's I find an account of a yachting trip on the *America*, down east—really up the coast to Mt. Desert. (The *America* first won the Queen's cup and brought it to this side of the Atlantic.) On this cruise there seem to have been eight or nine in the party, and Mr. Ewing appears to have been very attentive, and to have brought her sweet peas when they put in at Kennebunkport. But it was all quite formal, although she wore his ulster and he read aloud to her "The Duke's Children" while she fixed her dolman. She speaks of being bored by having to play "euchre" with the others, and of the lovely moonlight sail up Penobscot Bay. Mr. Hanson, the mate, played the concertina and she waltzed with Mr. Ewing and danced the polka! She got quite excited over playing "whist," and Uncle Butler helped her. She ends by writing: "We are sailing through to Boston tonight.



I'm sorry our lovely cruise is at an end. Shall I have lasting regrets?"

Then there was a trip across the continent to California and to the great trees. And another trip, full of thrills, when she visited Canada with Aunt Loretta Hildreth. She tells of going shopping in Montreal for a pair of white satin slippers, in a hired covered sleigh, when the dignity of the city and its elegance impressed her; as also did the handsome young Englishmen who got themselves removed to their table at the Hotel Windsor. Mother carefully describes the opening of Parliament at Ottawa on Thursday, February 12, 1880, and writes: "I wore my new pink brocade of mother's, with white satin skirt, and sat with Miss Beattie in the reserved gallery for ladies. Aunt Loretta sat with Mrs. McDougall on the floor of the Senate. Everyone in the fullest of full dress. Dresses décolleté, etc., toilettes very magnificent. Several purple and black velvets, trimmed with flounces of point lace. Nearly all married ladies wore turbans of a very large size. Mrs. McDougall's dress was of pink silk and garnet velvet, very handsomely combined and trimmed profusely with white lace covered with steel beads—her turban to match, with rose feathers silvered or frosted, and flowers frosted in front. Miss Beattie's toilette was a pale blue brocaded grenadine, trimmed a great deal with white satin embroidered with blue cornflowers and green vines, with a skirt of blue silk—very elegant! Lady Tilly had a magnificent long black velvet, with white lace flounces a quarter of a yard deep.

"The hall was a fine one, with Gothic arches and stained-glass windows like a church, but it pleased me. The throne, surmounted by the English coat of arms, was of scarlet and gold, and very handsome.



*H. H. H*

*1880*





“First, the grand gold Mace of office was brought in—an immense thing. The judges, in black gowns, sat at a table in the center. . . . The judges of the Supreme Court were in scarlet gowns, with capes of white rabbit or ermine, looking like cardinals. The Speaker came in and kept his hat on till he got seated. Then the Chaplain said several prayers, beginning with one asking the Lord to bless the Parliament assembled and the business it was beginning, and the Dominion. Then there was a prayer for the Queen and all the royal family, the Lord’s Prayer, and the benediction—the Senators all kneeling or standing with their faces averted.

“The Prime Minister, Sir John MacDonald, was there in a coat all covered with gold lace. Then came a long procession of military men and aides to the Governor General—some in scarlet uniforms and some in black. Then came the Marquess of Lorne in a gold-laced coat with cocked hat which he kept on during the whole of the proceedings. After some delay a procession preceded the Princess Louise from the door to the throne. She walked alone and was followed by four maids of honor—who all had coronets of diamonds, as well as the princess. She wore a décolleté dress of olive gray satin over a petticoat of satin trimmed with point lace—from spot to spot around her berth were orders set in diamonds and other precious stones. Around her neck she wore a velvet ribbon studded with large diamonds, with a pendant of an immense pear-shaped pearl and diamonds. To me the one absurd part of the ceremony was the three tremendous obeisances of the Usher of the Black Rod. It made many people laugh. Then there was a long pause when the chief aide brought the Marquess his address, which he read sitting. He began, ‘Honorable Gentlemen’—and lifted his hat slightly—and so on.

He then read the same thing in very excellent French. Then they all filed out, the Governor General going out of the door before the Princess which seemed to me a breach of etiquette to a lady. The back of his chair was also higher than hers—why could they not have been equally high? Though I am glad Lorne is being made equal to his wife I think he should not be superior—nor any other man to his wife.

“I noticed a beautiful girl in our gallery—the loveliest I have seen although there are many pretty ones. I learned afterwards that she was an American. How good my judgment! Her complexion of a lovely pale clear cream or olive—exquisite large soft brown eyes with long lashes, brown hair, sweet red lips and a fine nose—a girl, I thought, much prettier than myself.”

Then there were skating parties, and tobogganing and handsome young officers—and many picturesque memories.

The Governor General of Canada was to hold a drawing room in Ottawa February 16, 1880, but just before the appointed time the news spread, like wildfire, of a “narrow escape,” “serious accident to the Governor General and Princess Louise,” “vice-regal sleigh runaway,” and so on. In effect it was a rather perilous episode, that of runaway horses which turned over the covered sleigh rounding a corner, throwing the coachman and groom off into the snow, and dragging His Excellency and Her Royal Highness, Colonel McNeil and the Hon. Mrs. Langham some four hundred yards before the maddened creatures were halted by an aide in the preceding sleigh, who sprang out and caught the reins. So, sad to relate, the drawing room was indefinitely postponed, because the Princess had a concussion.

Again from the diary:



"I forgot to speak of the skating party the night before last. . . . Mr. Humphrey, that tremendously tall young man, and Senator Power were very attentive—also some others. . . . Everyone skated beautifully and had such handsome costumes. Miss Lecois, daughter of the Bishop, had a coat trimmed with fur and a large hat to match. I saw waltzing for the first time. They sort of opened the affair by forming in two long lines of gentlemen and ladies opposite each other—who skated off alone and then joined and then separated and then skated again—a kind of country dance. They called it a march. Then there were two sets of lancers in which some exquisite skating was shown. Then they danced the Maypole dance just before we were leaving. Mr. Sherwood, chief of police, was presented to me by an Englishman, who walked a long distance through the passage with me to our sleigh. That pretty American girl was there with long sky-blue velvet coat, white hood and ermine muff. The Moores brought us home in their own sleigh.

"Sunday we breakfasted at eleven. It snowed hard. Passed the afternoon in the parlor talking to Senator Alexander, Mrs. Chaplee, Mr. Beatty, Mrs. Williams and others. I played 'Rigoletto,' 'Traumerei' and 'Whose Art Thou Now My Beloved.' Mr. Hyde sang 'The Message' and 'Non e vera.' Mr. Alexander took up his tea things and came and sat with us at tea and talked to us a long time afterwards. He is extremely entertaining and his conversation is very improving and instructive."

So as always mother loved people and also she loved to improve her mind.

"Miss Cockburn and Captain Dalrymple-Clarke (May Cockburn's fiance) took us to the Library and through the Parliament Building. An extraordinary thing about



the Parliament here is that the Speaker of the Senate and Commons have apartments in the building and they live there with their families and entertain with dinners and parties. The Speaker's dining room is a large handsome room with magnificent silver candelabra and all other pieces for a large and elaborate dinner. Then they have private dining rooms where the members give dinners. The Usher of the Black Rod and the Sergeant at Arms also live there. Senators are chosen for life. Members are elected every four years. The Privy Council, or Cabinet with us, is composed of 13 ministers instead of 7. The corridors are filled with portraits of former speakers. In the Commons is an immense portrait of the Queen." And so on—mother evidently saw all the sights, accompanied by devoted and hospitable young people. The tobogganing was a rather mixed joy. "Was almost frightened to death. Shut my eyes and waited for the end—it seemed to me we would never reach the bottom alive. The next time I was less frightened, and the third time not at all. Mr. Humphrey asked me to go down but Captain Harboard said I was engaged to him." Apparently there were many enterprising young men, Mr. Powers and Mr. Avery, Mr. Buzeson, Mr. Strally, Mr. Beatty, Mr. Hyde who sang to her accompaniment, Captain Harboard and Captain Brisebois who only danced the polka, Mr. Blumb and others. They gave a dance and mother writes: "Wore my pink to the party given by the young men; had a lovely, lovely time. . . . Miss Beatty slept with me because of little Harold's illness and we talked until 2 o'clock. Several other nights she came in and I did enjoy those talks."

Mother was pleased by Lady MacDonald's cordiality at her "At Home" at Stradocona Hall, and in an unusual burst of enthusiasm spoke of "the lovely Governor



*Lanier Dunn*

*1851-1915*





General"—and Rideau Hall. "They are forever having tea in Canadian houses, afternoons, evenings, mornings, always."

And so it goes through the ages—the British and their tea. . . .

It is a gay, pleasant diary, and young as mother was, until the day of her death, she was full of interest in others, in a demure, well-bred way, and tremendously appreciative of kindness.

There is one little story of Washington that I think should not be forgotten; it so vividly pictures my mother in her proud youth.

It seems that the widower President, Chester Arthur, had quite an eye for feminine pulchritude, and very much admired the beautiful Harriet Hildreth Heard. He often sent her flowers, and once a particularly gorgeous bouquet for her to carry to a very grand ball. Mother was in the dressing room with a bevy of bustled belles of the 'eighties, when Mrs. John Davis entered, also with a very fine bouquet. Now, even in the 'eighties there were married belles and Mrs. Davis, the young wife of an old Senator, was one of these about whom the gossips had had a good deal to say, and for whom my mother had a wholesome New England contempt. Mrs. Davis boasted that her flowers came from the White House. H. H. H. said nothing, but stepping to an open window tossed her bouquet out, and entered the ball-room flowerless!

When she was twenty-five, she told me, her aunts were afraid that she would be an old maid. I asked her, in my bold modern way, why she married my father. Mother's answer was characteristic, "Because he was the most refined man I knew." Then, as an afterthought

“and the handsomest.” Lanier Dunn evidently was infatuated with the accomplished Miss Heard, and she far too reserved to show any feeling in return. In fact my father joked mother about being a New England iceberg, and said that she never thawed out until her babies came and in truth a more devoted mother never breathed.

Father’s parents lived across the Capitol Grounds from the Butler house at 25 Lanier Place in the house that was once used as the Capitol, after the British burned our Capitol in the War of 1812. My grandfather General Wm. McKee Dunn was a Congressman from Indiana before the War, and later Judge Advocate General, a genial charming old man who was tremendously proud of his beautiful daughter-in-law, and liked nothing better than to attend functions in Washington with her upon his arm. My father, on the contrary, liked the great open spaces, and loved his home, Gramercy Farm in Bath County in the valley between the Hot and Warm Springs in Virginia. He always felt it a penance when he had to spend the winter months in Washington either at Lanier Place or in the Butler house. My sister, Elizabeth Lanier Dunn (Mrs. Algeron Sidney Buford) and my brother, Wm. McKee Dunn were both born at 25 Lanier Place, whereas my little sister Lanier and I were born in Uncle Butler’s house. My happiest memories are of the Virginia mountains and our home there—the brilliancy of the maples in the autumn, and Dunn’s Gap with the boulders crashing down to the fast-running stream that flowed between; flowed on down to the Jackson River, then on to the James, and so on past my Ballyshannon to the sea. I love my home here, but I loved my first home too, and the mountains—in the sunset and in the moonlight.





*September 27, 1882*





Always I have been blessed to live in such lovely places.

We had such a happy home. Several winters we spent at the Farm and once, for a stretch of two years, we did not have a doctor on the place, whereas the minute we got to town we acquired every known child's disease.

Think of it—once we were snowed in for five days at Gramercy Farm, and mother had to bribe the maids to milk the cows because the men could not get up the gap to do the job. I daresay it was not so easy for mother. I remember hat tubs and huge cans of hot and cold water that were fetched in for our baths before the fire. I believe there is nothing on earth as *delicious* as a hot bath in a tin tub on a blanket before a brisk log fire! The service required was rather terrific, but it was nice!

In those days we were twenty miles from a railroad. I remember driving over the Warm Springs mountain in a closed coach. I believe it had belonged to Jefferson Davis. How the swinging lamp smelled. . . . I never could abide the smell of kerosene lamps. Of course we had nothing else, except candles. Then mother's early training influenced our lives and even in summer we had three hours of lessons daily, and I only had two whole years of schooling in my life, as we usually skipped terms when we got up to town. Father was a walking encyclopedia. One of mother's ideas of school was for us, in turn, to choose a subject we wished to know about, be it beetles or stars, and after morning prayers the encyclopedia would be opened and our governess would read aloud all that could be found on the subject. But best of all were the evenings when father read aloud all of Dickens, all of Thackeray, "Lorna Doone," "The Siege of Granada," Prescott's "History of Spain," Motley's "Dutch Republic" and all those wonderful old

classics. But when you are 20 miles from a railroad and the snow is falling fast, a good book is never really long enough. And so my memories bring me much joy, some sorrow, and a deep gratitude for the happiness of our home.

In 1899, father's business affairs took us to New York. So from our thousand-acre farm in Virginia, with woods and fields and streams and all outdoors for our very own, my wonderful mother tucked us into a small New York apartment. Our first Christmas in the great city we had an open fire and a bowl of eggnog—and the spirit of Christmas was there just as it had been at Gramercy Farm, with our Christmas tree and stockings and huge dinner, with turkey, mince pie and all the trimmings. Just as mother had Boston baked beans and codfish balls and brown bread every Sunday morning, and dressed for dinner every night, even when snowbound and twenty miles from a railroad, so she clung to her traditions through thick and thin. How she managed for us four children to have all the advantages, educationally and otherwise, I do not know, for, of course, we were a very expensive family. But mother was capable and industrious and had a host of friends. So tickets for the Bagby concerts were always on hand and we went constantly to the opera in our friends' and relatives' boxes: and, although we were the poor members of the family we were never reminded of it and had a most thrilling two years in that wonderful city.

Then followed three years in Europe. The first was spent in Belgium. We three girls were placed in Madame Mignot's *pensionnat* until we could take all our lessons in French and then we went to the Sacré Coeur rue du Grand Cerf, with our convent garden overshadowed by the huge Palais de Justice. McKee went to



the Institute Dupuiche, and our parents had a little flat in the rue de Stassart. Sundays they would call for us at the ominous big door of the Convent, a small *guichet* would open in response to their ring, and a nun would inspect them before allowing them to enter. What fun it was taking off our prim black uniforms and going about Brussels with mother and father. We did have such a good time. It was in Brussels that I saw the great Coquelin *l'ainé* play Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac" and the great Sarah Bernhardt "*L'aiglon*." And the Duse—what did she play? I remember, she alone of the troupe spoke Italian. In operas it is not noticeable when different languages are sung—but in tragedy it was a bit confusing. Then when mother and father were invited to the King's garden party at Laekin, Elizabeth and I were, too. How thrilled we were! We wore our little gray suits and white straw hats with pink roses. King Leopold was a very regal-looking man of great height, with a long, square, clipped white beard and wearing a *pince-nez*. The Princess Clementine too was tall and distinguished and Le Prince Albert—a perfect beauty with his golden hair and blushes! It rained (it rained every day for the whole year we were in Belgium) so the garden party took place in the serres adjacent to the Palace: immense affairs as you can well imagine. There was a pavilion with a high dome next the Palace dining room; under this domed pavilion were huge palm trees and a red velvet carpet. After the Corps Diplomatique assembled, and other notables, the King and Princess Clementine entered from the Palace side and went about speaking to their guests, and it was the first time that I had seen grown women making deep reverences. The Princess de Ligne was very blonde and lovely and wore a pale blue gown and hat. (Elizabeth and I had costumes

just like hers the following year in Spain and felt very grand.) There were alleys and alleys of flowers—a long stretch of nasturtiums trellised over our heads—another of roses. I remember there was a blue rose, but such a crowd around it that I never tried to see it. Anything so exotic I do not believe could have been very beautiful. Then there was an alley of azaleas and one of rhododendrons. I have never, in a greenhouse, or anywhere, seen such a profusion of blooms. It was, indeed, a memorable occasion—one I will never forget.

Little Lanier caught the whooping cough from one of the *pensionnaires* at the Convent (a wee mite whose parents were in Algiers in the Diplomatic Corps as were the du Chastel girls' parents). So Lanier was taken home to the rue de Stassart but Elizabeth and I stuck it out. Although the rules and regulations chafed my older sister Elizabeth, I found it all quaint and amusing—and romantic. I loved it and in the chapel would ardently pray for a vision to make me a Catholic. I did wish for it but I could not quite swallow it; although the Papal Nuncio gave me an especial blessing on the chapel step when I came upon him unexpectedly. That ought to have accomplished it. It was the morning of the confirmation of the little first communicants; we were all told to wear white frocks. It was very cold, so Elizabeth and I put woolies on underneath, and for some reason I was late and a nun was escorting me up to the gallery where we older girls were to be. There was a spiral staircase and a stained-glass window on the curve. When I raised my eyes there stood the Papal Nuncio in his purple robes—tall, aquiline-featured, and with flashing dark Italian eyes. The nun's hand on my shoulder pressed me to my knees and he laid his hand upon my head with a blessing that must have done something.





*Our little sister Lanier*  
*1893-1910*





I was very radiant, and the envied one of the whole Sacré Coeur.

They were exquisite characters, those dames du Sacré Coeur, their teachings beautiful and restrained. We were never conscious that they were proselytizing. We were the only Protestants; although at once we were put in the *classe Supérieure* where Monsieur l'Abbe instructed us in our *cour de religion*; and, of course, the things under constant discussion were those with which we Episcopalians disagree. I learned afterwards that the whole Convent was praying for our conversion. It was too bad to disappoint them.

If a term at the Sacré Coeur could not convert us to Rome—a year in Spain certainly tore all respect for that wonderful Catholic religion from us. Fat greasy priests living on the fat of the land while the peasants sat in the sun and slept in place of dining, and twanged the guitar and made love to forget their misery.

Mother's old Washington friend, Virginia Lowery, had married El Duque de Arcos and they came to Brussels just before we left. He was Spanish Ambassador. She gave mother letters to people in Spain and her brother Woodbury Lowery was just completing a book on that country, so he helped a lot, for, in those days, mighty few tourists reached Spain.

Mother marshaled us all to the Berlitz School in Brussels, and we studied hard and acquired a smattering of Spanish in a surprisingly short time.

Then we had a fortnight in Paris in the snow, and violent sight-seeing in spite of the bleak weather. The landlady of our pension was very much upset when she found we were an American family. Mother had written her, in her perfect French, engaging our rooms, and Madame tried perpetually to jack up our

bills to make up for the reasonable rate that she had quoted.

One night I wore mother's long fur cape and father took me in the underground all around Paris. I believe it runs under the Boulevards that originally were the fortifications of the ancient city. I remember we came out at the "Place de la Bastille." It was clear cold moonlight, and with the memories of the "Tale of Two Cities" fresh in my mind, I felt a chill strike me through and through.

It was a relief to go South to Bordeaux, Biarritz, San Sebastian, Burgos, Madrid and finally Seville where we remained from December until after Corpus Christi in June. Our year in Spain was the most picturesque one of all our lives.

Our address in the old Moorish city was 53 Caille Mateos Gargo, Sevilla, España. We lived in the very shadow of the Giralda in a narrow winding street where two carriages could not pass. In fact, if on foot, and you saw one coming, you hastily ducked into a doorway, and what pictures one beheld beyond the wrought iron grille! Marble patios with fountains and palms, and orange trees with blossoms and fruit at the same moment. Then heavily laden burros would brush by, and perhaps a drove of goats to be milked at the front door! And always the heavy odor of crude olive oil commingling with the scent of the carnations and the orange blossoms and burros and unwashed humans. Blindfolded, one knew it was Spain! And during the night one was not allowed to forget it. Many times have I wakened to the singing voice of the Serreno going his rounds—calling the hour and telling the state of the weather and the goings-on in our *caille*, "Las onze y media y Serreno," or "nublado," "y las novios pelando la pava." Thus the



courtships going on through the grille were reported to the neighborhood. Our maids, pretty creatures, with flashing teeth and eyes, wore flowers in their hair, and gay shawls. At the turn of the century, Andalusia was still oriental in many things and ladies did not walk in the streets. We four young people took our exercises on the *azotea* (roof), dancing with castañets while our mantillaed teacher twanged the guitar. It was a totally different life from any we had known before and a life we will never forget. Colorful, romantic and hopelessly unhygienic. Mother studied Spanish with us and became wonderfully proficient.\*

When spring came in 1903 we were real Sevillaños and had quite a whirl socially. Then a month in Granada and the Alhambra in the moonlight with nightingales and roses, and *carreras de cintas* and parties at the Jockey Club and *reuniones*. I will never, never forget it all. The heat was intense, so finally we took the P. and O. boat at Gibraltar to Marseille and on by train, up to Switzerland. We spent the rest of the summer at the foot of the Dent du Midi. McKee was 15, I was 17, Elizabeth, 19. At those ages fun and merriment came as bees to the flowers, and our lives were happy ones.

The winter of 1903 and 1904 we were in Germany: four months in Dresden and two in Berlin, studying the German language and German music and going to the opera constantly. I fear we learned only *gesellschaft* Deutsche. Skating with the handsome young officers and dancing with them night after night. Many were dreadfully scarred from dueling, and many wore monocles which they never lost even when tumbling on the

\* In her later years mother felt that she did not speak Spanish as well as she did French and German, so once a week she had an afternoon of Spanish, and Elizabeth and I were telephoned to come in for tea and conversation with Señorita Pasquale.

ice, just as they never lost their dignity or their swagger and never, no never, saw the humor of it all. I do believe if Germany could laugh once at itself it would be a different nation.

We came home in the spring.

I was the first to leave the happy family circle. I married George Cole Scott of Richmond, in the little Episcopal Church at Hot Springs on the 27th of September, 1905 (mother's and father's 23rd Wedding Anniversary).

About this time an incident occurred which clearly showed mother's pluck and courage. She had been in Washington with Grandma Dunn and returned to New York on a hot summer evening. The family flat was on the first floor and mother was sitting by the open window telling father all the news. She took her jewelry, which she carried in a chamois bag, from the front of her dress, and laid the bag on the table; then went to bed in the adjoining room. Presently she thought she heard something; she got up and went into the sitting room, and there was a big burly man who turned and made for the window, little mother after him! He jumped out, and as his foot went up mother grabbed it and held him suspended, the man kicking to disengage himself. Father heard the rumpus and came sleepily to the rescue. Mother said, "See if my jewelry is there on the table"; it was. She suddenly feared the poor wretch might do father some harm so she let him go, but as for fear for herself, *that* she never thought of! This story reminds me of Aunt Susan in London—history has a way of repeating itself.

In September, 1907, my sister Elizabeth Lanier Dunn married Algernon Sidney Buford and with both of us



*Mother*  
*1915*





girls living in Richmond, little Lanier being at Sweetbriar and McKee at Yale, our parents would come to the Virginia Capitol when the bleak wintry winds became too chilly in the mountains at Dunn's Gap.

In September, 1910, our family suffered a terrible tragedy. Our beautiful little sister Lanier was drowned in the lake at North Hatley, Canada. She was too young to go, and so lovely to look upon and so talented. She played the violin and the piano and her voice was a dramatic soprano of great promise. She could have gone far in the realm of music. I cannot, even now, after all these years, think or write of it without choking up, and wondering why such dreadful things must happen. If only she had clung to the overturned sailboat, someone would have picked her up. She was reckless and brave to a degree and when her companion (the champion swimmer at Yale) thought that they should swim for it, she gallantly essayed to follow him. It was about a mile in cold choppy water! Mother and father never got over it, nor since then have things ever been quite the same for any of us.

The World War came. The horror of it all was unbelievable. The Belgium we knew so well was violated. The priceless treasures of architecture and letters in Louvain were obliterated. My father would repeat "that wonderful avenue of copper beeches on the road to Waterloo all mowed down!"

My father, Lanier Dunn, died suddenly at Gramercy Farm in that awful year of 1915—poor mother.

My brother McKee went overseas, first to drive an ambulance, then with Mr. Hoover in Belgium and later when we entered the conflict, with the 18th Field Artillery of our regular army. He was badly gassed at

Chateau Thierry. The day before, he wrote me "we are encamped in a lovely orchard, it is a veritable Arcadia." Then "Hell broke loose." He made for his first battery, to start firing. They got the 155 Howitzers going when gas bombs exploded near them and the next thing they knew they were in a field hospital, with utter confusion everywhere—Frenchmen dashing around and no one understanding anything. McKee crawled out to help and a shell landed on the farm-house hospital. So on a stretcher he took charge, as his Captain and First Lieutenant were casualties. In fact, 78 of their outfit were *hors de combat*.

After that awful War, mother was one of the first women to cross on a transport, to be with McKee at Fontainebleau, where he had been sent to attend the artillery school. Later mother went with him into Germany, where McKee was aide to General Henry Allen who commanded the American Army of Occupation on the Rhine—Coblenz being our headquarters—and over Ehrenbreitstein floated the stars and stripes!

When we went to visit them and were motoring from Aix, and reached the American outpost near Coblenz, we inquired of a young officer how to find Lieutenant Dunn's abode. The young man said that he did not know Lieutenant Dunn but he did know where Mrs. Lanier Dunn lived, and he directed us accurately to 14 Rheinenlagen!

Mother was in her element in Coblenz speaking French and German. The General's lady spoke neither and did not like society. She would take to her bed when important guests arrived and send an SOS, across the garden, for mother to come and preside at the function. Both the General and Mrs. Allen adored mother; everyone did. General Allen's usual behavior, when dinner



reached the fruit and nuts stage, was to lean across the table until he caught mother's eye, then demand, "Now, Mrs. Dunn, who will we take on for bridge tonight?"

McKee married Mildred Eddy in the Royal Chapel of the Schloss in Coblenz and the reception took place there too. My husband and I had taken a house for the great event and had the only private automobile in town. I was to arrange everything and be matron of honor, but mother was omnipotent. I remember it took 5,000 wax candles to light the crystal chandeliers, and we had a military band without, and a string orchestra within the ballroom; and the red velvet carpet, used only for royalty, and the lovely Aubusson rug, on which the Kaiser and Kaiserin stood when receiving the dignitaries of the town. Really this wedding was the most brilliant one imaginable; uniforms of the allied armies and the ladies in their gayest best, the gorgeous setting of the Palace, the wax candles and the masses of flowers and the lovely bride in her gown of duchesse rose point lace made a picture we will never forget.

One of the hardest things I ever had to do in all my life was to persuade mother to come home with us after the wedding. Mother made numerous trips abroad afterwards. Two or three times she motored through France to Carlsbad with her old friend of Lowell days, Lila Ayer. Once she crossed with Aunt Boxie Scott, once with me and my children, when Cole went over on the Battleship *New York* doing his Naval Reserve sea service. (That was the time we three, young Hildreth, Cole and I, went to court and Cole wore his American dress uniform rather than the regulation velvet suit.) Once she had a tremendous trip all over Europe with Elizabeth and her three boys, Sidney, Lanier and Robert Strother.

Always gay, alert and interested, mother knew more about everything than any of us, and she was always so helpful and so kind.

I remember, in Brussels in 1924, the Misses Cullen of Washington, who had been at school in Frankfort in the 'seventies, coming to our corner of the dining room, saying that they had recognized mother's merry laugh across the room! A rare privilege it was being with her—everyone loved her.

*“from the beginning  
Out to the undiscovered end  
There is nothing worth the toil of winning  
But laughter and the love of friends.”*

She won both.

Mother lived for many years quietly and happily in Richmond. She was a Yankee by every tradition and her people had played a conspicuous part in the Civil War. Yet as an older woman she came to the capitol of the Confederacy and by force of her personality won the respect and love of everyone, old and young. Many of her intimate friends were still *unreconstructed* Rebels with whom she sat amicably on boards and at the bridge table.

The years rolled by and we none of us realized their passing. Mother never seemed old. When she was seventy-nine she said to me, “Now Hildreth if I die this year I don't wish you to say that I am seventy-nine, but that I am in my eightieth year.”

On October 18, 1936 the clan gathered at Elk Mountain to celebrate mother's eightieth birthday. McKee and Mildred Dunn came from Hot Springs with their girls, and Elizabeth and Sidney Buford from the Highlands with their boys. Young Lanier Buford had to be



*Mother*  
*at seventy-seven*





fetches from the Virginia Military Institute and mother drove over to get him. The Fred Scotts came from Royal Orchard and dear Aunt Boxie from Tranquilia. When Elizabeth Bocock took a snapshot of us all, mother had her great-grandson on her knee (my grandson, Bernard Winn McCray, Jr.).

On Thanksgiving Day of this year mother had us all for dinner and the board groaned in the good old-fashioned way—and she was gracious and charming as always.

This same year my sister Elizabeth was chosen to be the Christmas Mother in Richmond, *a great honor*, and to preside with the Governor and the Mayor and Douglas Freeman and Stewart Bryan, over our Christmas Eve Pageant and our Community Christmas Tree.

On December 2, 1936 Elizabeth was going down to test her voice over the radio and felt a bit nervous and worried, but stopped in to see mother and received a generous check which mother was giving to help the good cause. Mother wrote the check and walked with Elizabeth to the front door to wish her well and encourage her in her noble effort. That day I had been painting at Ballyshannon and someone sent me a lovely box of roses and as it was raining and the light poor, I took some of my flowers over to poor Buford Scott who was at death's door. Mary was telling me about Buford's condition when the telephone rang for me and my little maid Florence said, "Mrs. Dunn is very ill. . . ." I tore out to my car, followed by Mary, who begged me to drive carefully. I found mother lying on her bed, fully clad and breathing heavily. I rushed to her and kissed her but she did not rouse—she never did.

The End. What solemn meaning lies in those words as they echo sadly through the soul. My mother gone!

The wisdom of her fourscore years, the graciousness and sweetness of her presence—gone. Only the backward vista of memory remains.

*“Through such souls alone  
God stooping shows sufficient of His light  
For us i’ the dark, to rise by.”*

















